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SELECT
PORTIONS
OF
SCRIPTURE,
AND REMARKABLE
OCCURRENCES;

VERSIFIED FOR THE

INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT

OF

YOUTH, OF BOTH SEXES.

By Thomas Gibbons, D. D.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

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The CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE Wiles of the Harlot described, and young Men warned of the Danger of yielding to them, *Prov.* 7. - - - - - - 9

The Pharisee rebuked, and the penitent Sinner pardoned and comforted, *Luke vii.* 36. - - 15

The good Samaritan, *Luke x.* 25—28. - - 19

The Dreams of a long Life of Sensuality dissolved by sudden Death, *Luke xii.* 16—32. - - 22

The barren Figtree, *Luke xiii* 6—10, - - - 24

The Prodigal Son, *Luke xv.* 11. to the end, - 27

The Rich Man and Lazarus, *Luke xvi.* 19—31 34

The Pharisee and Publican, *Luke xviii.* 9—15. 38

Wonders in Nature correspondent to the Miracles of Scripture, - - - - - - - - - 40

The Support of Religion in an hour of Trial, and the happy Influence of its Example, - - 42

The happy Influence of Wisdom on one Side in the Married State, and the Mischiefs of the prevalence of Folly in both Parties, - 45

The preverse Pair, or the Mischiefs of Self-Will and Obstinacy, - - - - - - - - 49

The cruel Husband reformed by the meekness and prudence of his Wife. - - - - - 52

The Over-fondness of Parents, or the miserable Consequences of unbounded Indulgence to Children, - - - - - - - 56
Parental Severity, or the dreadful Consequences of an harsh Carriage towards Children, - 60
The Love of a Child to its Parents; the happy Restoration of their affections to each other, 64
An old Man, who had barbarously used his Father, requited by his barbarous Son, - 67
The Conduct of the thief at the Gallows to his Mother, who had been the Prompter of his Wickedness, and the Cause of his Ruin, - 70
Signal Punishment upon Undutifulness to Parents - - - - - - - 73
The pious Youth: or, the Pleasures of Religion in Life and Death, - - - - - 79
The profligate Youth: or, the Miseries of Wickedness in Life and Death, - - - - 85
An atrocious Murder artfully concealed, surprizingly discovered, and righteously punished, - - - - - - - - 92
To Miss A——S.—entered into her fifteenth Year, an Epistle, - - - - - 102
A Morning Ejaculation, - - - - - - - 107
An Evening Ejaculation, - - - - 109
A Father's Advice to his Son, - - - - 111

PREFACE.

I HOPE my ſincere deſign and endeavor have been to glorify God and ſerve my generation during the numerous years of my miniſtry; being fully convinced, that not days, and months, and years, but attempts for uſefulneſs, ſhould meaſure the duration of all, but eſpecially of the Preachers of the everlaſting Goſpel, whoſe time and labors are profeſſedly and directly to be conſecrated to the honor of God, and the good of ſouls.

The following Collection of Poems, compoſed at different times, and in intervals of leiſure, I hope, are calculated for affording ſome degree of benefit and pleaſure, eſpecially to younger minds. The collection conſiſts of two parts, the Verſification of Select Portions of Scripture, and the Verſification of remarkable Occurrences.

As to the ſelect Portions of Scripture, turned into verſe, I have not offered them to the public under any apprehenſion that they will be better underſtood in a poetical form than in their own native ſimplicity in proſe, but becauſe the exhibition of them in rhyme and metre appeared to me to be beſt fitted for impreſſing their divine truths upon the minds of young perſons, and fixing them there. Perhaps if parents were to make the experiment they would find that their children will be more ready to get by heart, and will more durably retain in their memories divine inſtructions in verſe, than when they are delivered to them in proſe. This may have been one principal reaſon why Dr. WATTS's ſongs for children have met with ſuch general acceptance, and, may I not truly add, have done ſo much ſervice in the world?

As to the remarkable occurrencies in verſe, which almoſt fill up the remainder of the ſheets, ſome of them are gathered from converſation, and ſome from reading. All of them contain, if I miſtake not, a moral inſtruction, though as to ſome of the ſtories they may not be exactly true, and may have received ſome enlargements to render them the more forcible and ſtriking. Should there be here and there one among the re-

lations, the fruit of my own invention, and therefore not entitled to the name of remarkable occurrences; yet I am perſuaded there is not one of them beyond the line of probability, and which may not have been realized by facts of a ſimilar nature.

It will be a great pleaſure to me if the following miſcellany ſhould prove in any degree uſeful. That it might be ſo I have taken ſome pains, and ſhall follow the publication with my fervent prayers.

T. GIBBONS.

January 1, 1781.

SELECT PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE, &c.

PROVERBS VII.

The WILES *of the* HARLOT *deſcribed, and* YOUNG MEN *warned of the* DANGER *of yielding to them.*

THUS ſpake the Monarch great and wiſe:
My Son, regard what I adviſe;
In the receſſes of thine heart
Lodge the kind counſels I impart;
Obſerve my ſtatutes, and receive
The bleſſings they are ſure to give;
Nor let the apple of thine eye
Be kept more ſafe, or prized more high:
On parchments on thy fingers bound
Be all my admonitions found,
And on the tablet of thine heart
Grave them, nor let them thence depart.

When lo! ſhe met him on the way
Dreſs'd in the ſtrumpet's looſe array;
Her ſpeech not honey's ſelf more ſweet,
Her ſoul the mazes of deceit;
Her accent loud, her geſture bold,
Her pleaſure not to be control'd:
Unſtable, fugitive her feet,
Now in the doors, now in the ſtreet;
Now at each corner plies the Quean,
Eager to ſee and to be ſeen:
She claſps the youth with fond embrace,
And prints her kiſſes on his Face;
Then thus with an unbluſhing cheek
Th' audacious wanton dar'd to ſpeak—

ours from all poſſible notice of her huſband, who would not return till the next new moon; that is, for a whole month. By the way, what is rendered in verſe 19 the good man, *might be better tranſlated* the man. The man; *not my huſband, for ſhe was diſhonouring the relation, and by her conduct ſhewing ſhe had no regard for him as his wife, and cared not what cruelty ſhe practiſed againſt him.* The man; *not my huſband, leſt by the mention of her huſband the youth ſhould be awakened into ſerious thought of the horrible iniquity he was tempted to commit, ſtart back from it, and eſcape the ſnare ſhe was laying for him.*

" This day I paid to heav'n my vows, *(c)*
" And ſacred dainties fill my houſe,
" To ſhare with me the ſumptous feaſt
" I came t' invite thee for my gueſt ;
" And now my painful ſearch is crown'd,
" The darling of my ſoul is found !
" Tapeſtry arrays my bed of love,
" With ſculpture ſwells the proud alcove ;
" The ſheets of *Egypt's* ſofteſt thread,
" To heighten our delight, are ſpread !
" T' improve the bliſs, *Arabia* yields
" The products of her ſpicy fields,
" Wide to diffuſe their choice perfume,
" And bleſs the couch, and bleſs the room.

" Come then, my charmer ! let us prove
" Thro' the whole night the joys of love !
" The man can be no ſort of bar ;
" He's gone a journey wide and far ;
" And to procure himſelf ſupplies
" Of ev'ry kind of merchandize,
" A bag enrich'd with gold he bore,
" Nor will he end his trading tour

(c) Dr. Patrick *underſtands the* peace-offerings *of offerings of* thankſgiving *for mercies obtained.* " *Such ſacrifices, (adds he) were to be of the beſt, and the greateſt part of them fell to the ſhare of the perſon who offered them, which was ſufficient to furniſh a liberal entertainment to his friends.*"

" Till the new moon, this night begun,
" Has thro' its various changes run,
" And ev'ry ray and ſpark of light,
" Again are blotted from the ſight."

By her fair ſpeech the youth ſhe caught:
So fatally the flatt'ry wrought,
Like poiſon thro' his veins it ſtole,
Seduced, deprav'd, ſubdued his ſoul:
After th' enchantreſs ſtraight he goes,
Nor ruin, fear, nor danger knows.
To ſlaughter ſo proceeds the ox,
And ſo the fool t' endure the ſtocks;
Till through his liver ſtrikes a dart:
Or wheedled by the fowler's art,
So the bird ruſhes on the ſnare,
Nor once ſuſpects that death is there.

Then hear me, all ye youthful tribe,
My counſels let your ſouls imbibe;
O, never from fair VIRTUE's line
Into the harlot's maze decline,
Nor from your duty dare to ſtray,
Where her falſe meteor leads the way.
Numbers have felt her cruel wound,
That laid them bleeding on the ground;
And many a hero, who defy'd
All other foes, by her have dy'd.
Her houſe, with flow'ry pleaſures ſtrow'd,
Is to the grave an open road;
While, from the poiſon of her breath,
Iſſue the firſt and ſecond death!

The PHARISEE *rebuked, and the penitent* SINNER *purdoned and comforted,* Luke vii. 36. *to the end.*

WHEN from the glorious world above,
Upon his embaſſy of love,
The Son of GOD to men came down,
From houſe to houſe, from town to town,
He wide diffuſed among our race
His words of life, and works of grace.
Upon a day a *Phariſee*
To dinner aſk'd his company:
JESUS comply'd with his requeſt,
And at his board became his gueſt;
When, lo! a woman of the place,
Whoſe name was branded with diſgrace,
Well-knowing whither he withdrew,
Enter'd, appear'd in open view,
And, with the choiceſt unguents fraught,
A box of alabaſter brought:
Obſerving where our lord reclined,
With gentle ſteps ſhe came behind,
And, bowing o'er him, waſh'd with tears
His feet, and wiped them with her hairs:
Then o'er them pour'd the rich perfume,
That with its fragrance fill'd the room.

THE *Phariſee* the ſcene ſurvey'd,
And to himſelf in ſecret ſaid—
"Were he a prophet, doubtleſs he

" Had been forwarn'd by deity,
" Who, what this woman is, nor been
" So much as touch'd by ſuch a Quean;
" A flagrant proſtitute, whoſe name
" Is cover'd with the fouleſt ſhame."

JESUS, to whoſe divine ſurvey
His hidden ſoul all open lay,
Thus met his thoughts. " To you, my friend,
" I'll ſomething ſay, would you attend."
" Maſter, ſay on, the hoſt rejoin'd,
" And freely utter all your mind."
The SAVIOUR then. " Two perſons ran
" In debt with the ſame affluant man:
" Five hundred pence were due from one,
" From t'other but the tenth alone:
" The creditor required his right,
" But neither could diſcharge a mite,
" On which his books he kindly croſs'd:
" Which of the two, now ſay my hoſt,
" Will love his benefactor moſt?"

Simon return'd, " aſſuredly he
" From the much larger debt ſet free,
" If I the caſe aright decide."
" Well haſt thou judg'd," our LORD reply'd:
Then to the woman, turning round,
Whoſe eyes were caſt upon the ground,
" *Simon*, doſt thou that Sinner ſee?
" Though held in ſuch contempt by thee;
" Yet ſhe more love to me has ſhown,

" And done far more than thou haſt done :
" When at your board I took my ſeat,
" You brought no water for my feet ;
" But ſhe has bathed them with her tears,
" And wiped them with her flowing hairs :
" When you received me for a gueſt,
" No kind ſalute your love expreſs'd ;
" But ſhe hath ſcarce one moment miſs'd
" In which my feet ſhe hath not kiſs'd :
" Not ev'n the common oil was ſhed
" By you t'exhilerate my head ;
" But ſhe her aromatic ſweet
" Has pour'd profuſe, & drench'd my feet.(*d*)
" I therefore as the voice of heav'n

(*d*) *In the ſpeech of our Lord to the* Phariſee, *in the* 44, 45, *and* 46, *verſes, we have a moſt forcible and ſtriking contraſt. He tells* Simon *that the woman had waſhed his feet with her tears, while he had not ſupplied him with ſo much as common water for the purpoſe; that the woman from the time he came in had not ceaſed to kiſs his feet, whereas the* Phariſee *had not given him ſo much as a kiſs of civility : and, that the woman had annointed his feet with the richeſt unguents, while he had not afforded him ſo much as ordinary oil for his head.*

In the Word of God *we have, among other excellencies, examples of the brighteſt and*

" Pronounce her countleſs crimes forgiv'n:
" Amazing grace her GOD reveals;
" Amazing love her boſom feels:
" But theirs is but a fainter touch
" Who have not been remitted much.
" Daughter, I ſay again, kind heav'n
" Has all thy countleſs crimes forgiv'n."

THE gueſts were ſtartled at the ſound,
And ſent their thoughts in whiſpers round:
" What, will this man too ſins forgive,
" And ſeize on GOD's prerogative?"
JESUS no obſervations made,
But to the woman kindly ſaid,
" Thy faith hath ſaved thee. Go in peace,
" Nor let thy grateful praiſes ceaſe."

moſt beautiful figures *of* rhetoric, *and on this account, as well as much greater conſiderations, it deſerves our conſtant peruſal.*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke x. 25—28.

WHEN the great Son of GOD came down
To make our path of duty known,
A ſcribe with ſelf-importance fraught,
Who *Moſes'* Laws explain'd and taught,
One day ſtood up our LORD to try
In queſtions of Theology.

"MASTER, inform me what to do,
" What courſe of life I ſhould purſue
" That, when this fleeting life is o'er,
" I may attain the heav'nly ſhore ?"
" How does the law of GOD decide ?
" How readeſt thou ?" the ſaviour cry'd.
The lawyer inſtantly rejoin'd,
" With all thine heart, & ſtrength, and mind
" To love the LORD who reigns above,
" And as thyſelf thy neighbor love
" The law requires." " Thine anſwer right
" (JESUS return'd) this to the height
" Of the command through all thy days
" Obſerved, to heav'n thy ſoul ſhall raiſe."

THE lawyer hearing the reply,
Eager himſelf to juſtify,
Demands, " *My Neighbour*, who is he ?"
" Who, ſaid the Saviour, learn from me.
" A certain man eſſay'd to go
" From *Solyma* to *Jericho*,'

" And, as he journey'd, by a crew
" Of ruffians, who no mercy knew,
" Was ſeized and ſtripp'd and maim'd & left
" Helpleſs, almoſt of life bereft :
" It chanced a certain *Prieſt* came by,
" Beheld him in his miſery lie ;
" Beheld, but with a marble mind,
" Wheel'd off, and left the man behind.

" A *Levite* next approach'd the place,
" And ſaw the wretched Suff'rer's caſe ;
" Saw, but no kind of mercy ſhow'd,
" Quick turn'd away, and kept his road.

" Last came there a *Samaritan* :
" No ſooner had he ſpy'd the man
" Than all his ſoul compaſſion felt,
" His eyes, his heart with pity melt :
" Alighting from his ſteed he bound
" With his own hands each guſhing wound :
" Nor wine nor oil his bounty ſpared :
" Then with the tendereſt arms he rear'd
" The mangled cripple on his horſe,
" Convey'd him in a gentle courſe
" To a contiguous inn, and there
" Secured him ev'ry needful care.
" When the next morn had ſhed its ray,
" Ere he proceeded on his way,
" He gave the hoſt a ſum in hand,
" And on him laid a ſtrict command
" To furniſh what the man ſhould want,

" And if the money proved too ſcant,
" On his return he pledg'd his word
" To pay all further charge incurr'd.

" SAY, who was neighbour to the man,
" *Prieſt*, *Levite*, or *Samaritan* ?"
" The man whoſe heart with mercy glow'd
" And all this tender pity ſhow'd,"
The *lawyer* anſwer'd—CHRIST rejoin'd,
" Go thou, and be as good and kind."

The DREAMS *of a* LONG LIFE *of* SENSUALITY *diſſolved by* SUDDEN DEATH.
Luke xii. 16—32.

OUR LORD of wordlineſs to ſhow
The evil and the folly too,
And teach us, fired with views ſublime,
Above theſe lower ſcenes to climb,
Thus ſpoke. Prodigious plenty crown'd
A rich man's wide extended ground;
His trees luxuriant fruitage bore,
His vats with wines were flooded o'er;
The ſeed he ſow'd in golden grain
Autumnal harveſts gave again
In vaſt increaſe: when thus the man
Tho't with himſelf, "what courſe? what plan
"Shall I adopt? So ſwells my ſtore
"That there remains no room for more:
"This I'm reſolv'd—my barns around
"Shall all be levell'd with the ground,
"And in their ſtead new ranges riſe
"Of greater ſtrength and larger ſize,
"Where in uncrowded room I'll pile
"The growing treaſures of my toil:
"All labour then aſide I'll lay,
"And to my ſoul exulting ſay,
"Come reſt, my ſoul, eat, drink, be gay (*e*)

(*e*) *THE Paſſage in the* Greek, *which is rendered in our tranſlation*, take thine eaſe,

" For rich delights are ſtored for thee
" Through long, long bleſt futurity ?"

THUS ſpake the man; when from the ſkies
The voice of GOD in thunder flies :
" Thou fool, before the morning light,
" Thy naked ſoul ſhall take its flight
" To worlds unknown, then whoſe ſhall be
" The boaſted wealth amaſs'd by thee ?"

SUCH is the man, remark'd our Lord,
(Let worldings hear th' inſtructive word)
Who for himſelf lays up his ſtore,
To GOD in acts of bounty poor.

eat, drink, and be merry, *is a ſucceſſion of no leſs than four verbs without a ſingle Copulative. Is not this a deſigned and juſt repreſentation of the mind of the voluptuary paſſing from pleaſure to pleaſure, as one whoſe heart was centered in them, and eager at once to embrace them all ? We ſhall come nearer the original if we render the paſſage,* reſt, eat, drink, be gay, *as I have done in the verſion I have given.*

The BARREN FIG-TREE.

Luke xiii. 6—10.

A Certain man, with affluence crowd'd,
Planted in his well-cultur'd ground
A Fig-tree, and from year to year
He came to ſeek what fruit was there;
But vain the viſits that he made,
All he beheld was empty ſhade;
With conſtant diſappointments croſs'd,
And vex'd to ſee his hopes were loſt;
At length he to his dreſſer ſpoke—
" What patience muſt not this provoke?
" I came for three ſucceſſive years
" To ſee what fruit this fig-tree bears,
" But never more than leaves could trace;
" Tear up the nuiſance from its place."

To whom the dreſſer, " Lord, forbear,
" And let it ſtand another year
" Till I have dug its roots around,
" And with manure enrich'd the ground;
" And if, when autumn's reign appears,
" The tree its purple honors wears,
" Thou ſhalt be recompens'd; if not,
" Cut down, eject it from the ſpot;
" My judgment will approve the deed,
" No more will I for favor plead."

And doſt thou not, O ſinner, ſee
Thy ſelf in this unfruitful tree?

How many years haſt thou been found
A worthleſs cumb'rer of the ground?
To holy faith, to holy fear,
To truth, to piety ſincere,
To zeal to glorify thy GOD,
To do his will and bear his rod,
To juſtice, to benevolence
Thou never once haſt made pretence;
But, of all virtues deſtitute,
Of devil part, and part a brute,
Thou haſt unprofitably ſpent
The time thy GOD to thee has lent,
And think how righteous it would be
If He ſhould hurl his wrath on thee,
Conſume, deſtroy thee from thy place,
And rid the ground of thy diſgrace?
Then to the Mediator fly,
Whoſe ear is open to thy cry,
Humbly his advocacy plead,
On thy behalf to intercede,
That Heav'n would grant thee longer ſpace,
Another year, or month of grace,
Till thou haſt to thy GOD returned,
Before him kneel'd, before him mourn'd,
And through his Son, his beſt-beloved
Haſt been accepted and approved;
No more of Hell and black deſpair,
But Heav'n and endleſs bliſs the heir.

HAPPY, ſupremely happy, he,
Who, purged from his iniquity,

Is now a ſaint of God become,
And, like a tree enrich'd with bloom,
Stands in his nurſery below
In ev'ry heav'nly grace to grow,
Till he, in holineſs improved,
Is to a better clime removed;
A paradiſe divinely fair,
Midſt ſkies ſerene, and balmy air
In perfect beauty there to ſhine,
The praiſe of power and love divine.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke xv. 11. to the end.

WHEN the Redeemer of our race
Holy and pure, yet full of grace,
To ſinners gave a free acceſs,
His whole deſign to ſave and bleſs,
The *Phariſees* his conduct blamed,
And ſanctimoniouſly exclaim'd,
" This man flagitious wretches greets,
" And often at their tables eats."

OUR LORD in parable reply'd,
And his behaviour juſtifi'd:
Two ſons, a worthy, wealthy man,
'Twas thus the Son of GOD began,
With pleaſure ſaw to manhood reach,
And hoped for long delight in each.
The younger ſon his ſire addreſs'd,
" Be pleased to favor my requeſt,
" And, ſince I'm now arriv'd at age,
" And call'd to act upon the ſtage,
" To my own management aſſign
" What portion you intend as mine."

THE father yielding to his pray'r
Divided to each ſon his ſhare
Of thoſe poſſeſſions bounteous Heav'n
Had in a rich profuſion giv'n:
The younger ſon, a few days paſt,

His ſubſtance in one ſum amaſs'd,
And journey'd to a diſtant land,
Where with a looſe, unſparing hand
He laviſh'd all his wealth away
To mad licentiouſneſs a prey.

His fortune ſpent to ſwell his woes,
A famine where he dwelt aroſe;
When, feeling want and fearing more,
All his gay ſcenes of pleaſure o'er,
He to a native of the place
Open'd his miſerable caſe,
And to ſupply his hungry need
To be his faithful ſlave agreed:
Into his fields the maſter ſent
Th' half naked, wretched indigent,
To be his ſwineherd, where, ſo ſcant
His wages in that time of want,
That oft and oft he wiſh'd to dine
Upon the huſks that fed the ſwine;
But none ſo ſmall a boon beſtow'd,
And none the leaſt compaſſion ſhow'd.

Helpleſs, abandon'd and forlorn,
The butt of univerſal ſcorn,
He to himſelf returns, and cries,
A gleam of hope illumed his eyes;
" How many ſervants of my ſire,
" Beſides the profits of their hire,
" Have bread to eat, and ev'n to ſpare,
" While I theſe pangs of hunger bear!

" I'll haſte me hence, to him I'll go,
" My ſelf upon his mercy throw,
" And own that both againſt the ſkies
" And him ſo black my crimes ariſe,
" He might ſo vile a wretch diſown,
" Unworthy to be call'd his ſon :
" My utmoſt hope, my only pray'r
" To be what his hired ſervants are."

THE wretch immediately aroſe,
Immediately for home he goes ;
At diſtance far, though haſt'ning on,
The ſire eſpy'd his coming ſon,
Eſpy'd and felt his bowels move
In all the tenderneſs of love,
Ran to him with the quickeſt haſte,
In his fond arms his child embraced ;
With eager gaze his face devour'd,
Fell on his neck, his kiſſes pour'd
And tears of joy profuſely ſhower'd.

" FATHER, on bended knees, he cries,
" So black my crimes againſt the ſkies,
" Againſt thy ſelf thou might'ſt diſown
" For ever thy ungracious ſon. *(f)*

(f) It is obſervable that the Prodigal had reſolved beforehand to ſay to his father, Father, I have ſinned againſt Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon, make me as one of thy hired

The father to his ſervants turns,
While his whole ſoul in rapture burns;
" Bring the beſt robe without delay,
" And clothe him with the rich array:
" Let rings of gold his fingers grace,
" And ſhoes his naked feet embrace;
" The fatted calf then quickly ſlay:
" Muſic and mirth ſhall crown the day;
" For this my ſon, whoſe death I mourn'd,
" Is to my roof again return'd:
" The ſon whom I ſo long deplored
" Is to his father's arms reſtored.'

ſervants; *but that, when he comes to his father, the laſt clauſe of his ſpeech is ſuppreſſed, that of making him as one of his hired ſervants. May not this omiſſion be deſigned to ſhow the readineſs of the father to receive him, pardon him and give him a moſt honorable welcome into his family? The father could hear no more, and kindly cuts off what the ſon had further to ſay by immediately calling out to his ſervants* to bring forth the beſt robe, *&c. Such is the love of earthly parents to their children; and let us remember that herein our* LORD *deſigned to ſhow the compaſſion of our greater, our heavenly Father to penitent, returning ſinners.* Where ſin has abounded, grace does much more abound. *Rom.* v. 20.

THE buſy Houſe the feaſt prepared,
And nought but joy was ſeen and heard.
The elder ſon was in the field,
Where he with patient labor till'd
His father's grounds, to whom were ſent
No tidings of this glad event;
But when at the decline of day
He homeward bent his weary way,
As he the manſion-houſe drew near,
Muſic and dancing met his ear:
Struck with ſurpriſe he made a pauſe,
A ſervant call'd and aſk'd the cauſe.

"THY Brother has this morn return'd,
"Whoſe abſence we ſo long have mourn'd.
"The good old man, with tranſport fill'd,
"For him the fatted calf has kill'd,
"Becauſe his ſon he ſafe received,
"Whom he among the dead believed."

HIS wrath the elder ſon expreſs'd,
Nor would he go to ſhare the feaſt.
Then came the Father, and implored
His company to crown the board.

"ALL theſe long years (reply'd the ſon)
"I ſerved you, and your will have done,
"Nor in one inſtance diſobey'd
"Whatever the commands you laid;
"And yet, as worthy no regard,
"A kid for me you never ſpared,

" On which my friends and I might
dine,
" And in convivial pleaſures join;
" But ſoon as this, thy worthleſs ſon, (g)
" By his own wickedneſs undone,
" Who, drench'd with wine, with whores
embowr'd
" Thy wealth inſatiably devoured,
" Returns, the fatted calf muſt die,
" And all is mirth and jolity."

To whom the father anſwer'd mild,
" Be not diſpleaſed, thou worthy child;
" Thou ever doſt reſide with me,
" All that I have bequeath'd to thee.
" 'Twas ſurely meet to paſs away
" In joy this memorable day.

(g) *It may be worthy of notice, that the elder ſon, ſpeaking of his brother to his father, calls him not* my brother; *as if he diſdained to acknowledge the relation: but* this thy, *that is,* his father's ſon. *On the other hand, the Father, in his anſwer to his elder ſon, ſpeaks of his younger ſon to him as his brother,* this thy brother; *as if he hereby deſigned to awaken in him a ſenſe of the near relation in which he ſtood to him, and thereby remove his reſentments for the kindneſs which had been ſhown him on his return.*

" Thy brother whom I deeply mourn'd
" As dead, to life is now return'd;
" Thy brother, I ſo long deplored,
" As loſt, is to my arms reſtored!"

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.
Luke xvi. 19——31.

YE rich, to whom indulgent Heav'n
Has plenty in profuſion given,
Who, with your ſails expanded wide,
On pleaſure's ſtream in ſplendor ride,
But never own your GOD in all,
Nor ſpare one mite to mis'ry's call.

YE poor, whoſe pittance ſhort and ſcant
But ſcarce ſupplies your daily want,
But yet obey your MAKER'S will,
And all his holy laws fulfil,
Hear how the Son of GOD declared,
Hear with the moſt devout regard,
Of ſinners what the future doom,
Of ſaints what bliſs in worlds to come!

THERE lived a certain wealthy man,
Th' incarnate Wiſdom thus began,
In purple and fine linen dreſs'd,
His ev'ry meal a ſumptuous feaſt.
Before his gate a wretched wight
Was laid his pity to excite:
Lazarus his name, o'er run with ſores,
And all the favour he implores
That he would mercifully give,
His gnawing hunger to relieve,
The crumbs that from his table fall;

But *Pride* was deaf to *Misery's* call.

His dogs indeed, less brutes than he,
Seem'd to be touch'd with sympathy.
Round the poor outcast closed the hounds,
And kindly lick'd his burning wounds.
In a short time the beggar dies,
Away a band of angels flies
From Heav'n, and on triumphant wings
His soul to *Abraham's* bosom brings.
The rich man too soon breath'd his last,
And a proud pomp his fun'ral graced:
In hell, with terrible surprise,
With anguish rack'd, he lifts his eyes,
And sees far off in climes on high
Of infinite felicity,
Abraham at the celestial feast,
And *Lazarus* leaning on his breast:
"My Father *Abraham*, loud he cries
"Quick send down *Lazarus* from the skies,
"That he in water may but dip
"To cool my tongue his finger's tip,
"For plunged in burnings most severe
"Pangs inconceivable I bear"

"Remember Son, the Sire reply'd,
"Thy life of good how rich a tide
"Was thine! and, Son, remember too
"What long distresses *Lazarus* knew!
"Reversed by rectitude divine
"His are the joys, the torments thine:

" Beſides, your world and ours betwixt
" A gulph impaſſible is fix'd;
" Nor can we come, though ere ſo fain,
" To you, and intercourſe maintain;
" Nor can you, wiſh it ere ſo much,
" On our celeſtial borders touch."

" If for myſelf my prayer muſt fail,
" For others let my ſuit prevail,
Anſwer'd of endleſs wrath the heir—
" Father, from thy bleſt boſom ſpare
" *Lazarus*, that he, a timely friend,
" May to my father's houſe deſcend;
" And there to my five brethren tell
" The bliſs of Heav'n, the pains of Hell;
" And urge, perſuade them to repent,
" And by a holy life prevent
" That doom, that will their ſouls tranſmit
" To the dire torments of this pit."

Abraham rejoin'd, "th' inſtructions giv'n
" By *Moſes* with the ſeal of Heav'n,
" And that divine unerring word
" Pronounced by prophets of the Lord
" Let them peruſe, believe, obey,
" And theſe will lead them in the way
" To everlaſting life and bliſs,
" And ſave their ſouls from hell's abyſs."
" Nay, Father, the ſtrong pleader cries,
" If one ſhould from the dead ariſe,

" And to admoniſh them be ſent
" They would infallibly repent."

Abraham once more was heard to ſay,
" If careleſs, ſenſual, ſtubborn they
" What *Moſes* wrote will not believe,
" Nor what the Prophets ſpoke receive,
" Still, ſtill their faith they would withhold,
" In wickedneſs would ſtill be bold,
" If one from Heav'n in robes of light
" By ſoft perſuaſion ſhould invite,
" Or if another ſent from Hell
" Upon its raging fires ſhould dwell,
" And utter'd by a flaming tongue,
" On ev'ry ſound damnation hung.
" O'er human hearts no fear prevails,
" Where truth's ſerene effulgence fails."

THE PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.
Luke xviii. 9——15.

TO men, who on themſelves rely'd,
And ſwell'd with ignorance and pride,
Beheld with an admiring eye
Their own exterior ſanctity ;
But with contempt all others view'd,
A vile and godleſs multitude,
Our Lord, of no mean fears poſſeſs'd,
This pungent parable expreſs'd :

Two men, of different ſtamp and name,
For prayer into the temple came ;
The one a ſolemn *Phariſee*,
Eſteem'd a ſaint of high degree,
The other of an odious clan,
A reprobated *Publican*.
The *Phariſee* with lifted head
Stood, and within himſelf thus ſaid—
" To thee, O GOD, my praiſe I owe,
" That I live not as others do :
" I'm no oppreſſor of the poor,
" Nor by extortion ſwell my ſtore ;
" I never plunder, never cheat,
" I hate the practice of deceit ;
" Never, by guilty paſſions led,
" Have I defiled my neighbour's bed ;
" In fine, I thank thee, I'm a man
" So much beyond that *Publican* :

" Twice in the week's ſhort courſe I faſt,
" And not one drop, or morſel taſte,
" And the full tithe of my eſtate
" I to thy ſervice conſecrate."

Not ſuch the *publican*; afar
He ſtood a culprit at the bar,
Nor would to the offended ſkies
So much as lift his weeping eyes:
But, ſmiting on his penſive breaſt,
With conſcious guilt and pain oppreſt,
" Be gracious, Lord, he cry'd to me,
" A ſinner of the firſt degree."

This penitent, proceeds our Lord,
Who mercy from his God implored,
Went to his houſe approved by Heav'n,
All his iniquities forgiv'n;
While the ſelf-righteous *Phariſee*,
Proud of his outward ſanctity,
Return'd unpardon'd, and unbleſs'd,
No ſin bewail'd, no ſin confeſs'd.
He who before his Maker lies
In duſt ſhall into glory riſe;
Him, who before him ſwells with pride,
His anger in the duſt ſhall hide.

WONDERS *in* NATURE *correſpondent to the* MIRACLES *of* SCRIPTURE.

UNDER a fragrance-breathing bow'r
T' enjoy a free convivial hour
Of neighbours, an harmonious ſet
In friendſhip and good-humour met:
Among the ſubjects old and new
That chance to converſation threw,
They touch'd on *Jonah's* hiſtory,
How in a fiſhe's belly he
Three days and nights remain'd a live,
Ejected thence did ſtill ſurvive.

"IMPOSSIBLE, *Philautus* cries,
"My ſoul abhors abſurdities:
"No man could for a minute dwell
"In ſuch a ſuffocating cell;
"Beſides, the Whale's digeſting pow'r
"Had maſh'd his body in an hour."

EUSEBIUS anſwer'd, "All you ſay
"One obſervation ſweeps away,
"Heav'n made the prophet's life its care,
"And miracle preſerved him there."

SAPHRONIO next. "My friend, he cries,
"And on *Philautus* fixt his eyes,
"I will relate, if you permit
"A fable that the caſe may hit.

"From diff'rent parts in days of yore
"Were met a dozen worms or more
"To ſpend a ſocial hour, and know,
"The pleaſures that from friendſhip flow.

"AMONG the ſubjects of their chat,
"That roved awhile from this to that,
"They each in turn agreed to tell
"Th' events that each in life befel;
"When one this ſtrange narration gave,
"How for three months, as in a grave,
"He in a human body lay,
"Without corruption or decay."

"To the ſtrange fact which you affirm,
"(Reply'd a philoſophic worm)
"What worm of ſenſe can credit give,
"In ſuch a nook how could you live?
"Beſides, a man's digeſtive power
"Had cruſh'd your body in an hour."

HERE cloſed the tale; *Sophronio* too
Here ended, nor the moral drew;
So obvious to the company,
That all the fable could apply:
Convinced that, if the page divine
With dazzling miracles may ſhine,
Wonders in nature's works are found
Wrapt in imperious myſtery round.

The SUPPORT *of* RELIGION *in an* HOUR *of* TRIAL, *and the* HAPPY INFLUENCE *of its* EXAMPLE.

TWO yeomen, when the dog-ſtar's reign
Inflamed the ſkies, & parch'd the plain,
Their harveſt-fields were ranging o'er
T' obſerve what kind of face they wore ;
The one in Heav'n's all-ſearching ſight
A chriſtian holy and upright,
The other, impious, diſſolute,
A mixture of the fiend and brute,
It chanced, as they together walk'd,
And on their rural buſineſs talk'd.
A ſtorm engender'd in the *ſouth*,
Of rains and hurricanes the mouth,
Aroſe, and ſlowly ſail'd along,
Till o'er their heads the tempeſt hung ;
Lightnings ruſh'd down in furious flame,
Swift the loud roaring thunders came,
And, burſting thro' the dark profound,
Roll'd in redoubling terrors round :
The wicked man was ſtruck aghaſt,
A pallid hue his brow o'ercaſt,
His Limbs throughout with horror ſhook,
Vigour and ſtrength his frame forſook :
Amidſt the wretch's wild ſurprize
Upon his friend he caſt his eyes,
And, in the death denouncing ſcene,
Beheld him eaſy and ſerene.

" How, how is this that you appear
" In ſuch a ſtorm without a fear ?
" Thro' ev'ry joint I quake with dread
" Leſt the next flaſh ſhould ſtrike me dead."

" My friend, the pious man reply'd,
" I own that I'm not terrify'd ;
" The thunder is my Father's voice,
" In whom I truſt, in whom rejoice ;
" Lightning is his commiſſion'd dart,
" Which, ſhould it pierce me to the heart,
" Would only haſten my remove
" To endleſs happineſs above ;
" What terror then ſhould ſeize my breaſt
" In life and death ſecure and bleſt ?"

" And can religion then ſupply
" Such firmneſs and ſincerity,
" When ſuch tremendous thunders roll,
" And lightnings blaze from pole to pole ?
" I'll be religious too, he cry'd,
" Who late all holineſs defy'd ;
" Henceforth with ſin my league I break,
" Henceforth all evil ways forſake,
" If thou, O God, thy ſtrength will grant ;
" That ſtrength I aſk, that ſtrength I want.';

In ſerious thought the man went home,
A convert from this hour become ;
Religion from his ſoul embraced,
Sincerely mourn'd his follies paſt.

In pray'r and praiſe his days employ'd
And heart-felt happineſs enjoy'd:
By all eſteem'd, by all beloved,
And by his conſcious ſoul approved;
Unmoved, ſerene he met his death,
And ſmiled as he reſign'd his breath.

Religion, where to ſet thee forth
Is language equal to thy worth?
Thy preſence can compoſe the ſoul
When lightnings flame, and thunders roll,
Or, when from its old axis hurl'd
In ruin rends the total world,
Can give th' immortal ſpirit wings
To ſoar above all earthly things;
Emancipate us from this clod,
Return us to our Father GOD.
In him the centre of our reſt,
To be forever, ever bleſt.

The happy INFLUENCE *of* WISDOM *on one Side in the* MARRIED STATE, *and the* MISCHIEFS *of the* PREVALENCE *of* FOLLY *in both* PARTIES.

TWO couple in a country-town
Had raiſed themſelves a bright renown,
For their connubial harmony;
Not merely from contention free,
But ev'ry moon their bliſs improved,
Loving alike, alike beloved.

WHEN a few years their rounds had run,
As all is change beneath the ſun,
One of each pair ſurrender'd life,
A huſband this, and that the wife.
The widow'd mates the deaths deplored,
As *Jonah* mourn'd his wither'd gourd,
Till time aſſuaged the waves of grief,
And gave their troubled ſouls relief.
Then thought the Widower, "may not I
"Re-marry, and my loſs ſupply?
"And who ſo fit a ſpouſe as ſhe,
"Who lived in bliſsful harmony
"With her dear partner late removed?
"Her merit has been amply proved."

IN hopes he ſhould not be deny'd,
The Widower to the Fair apply'd:

The Widow reaſon'd as he did,
Nor once his ſecond ſuit forbid;
But quickly gave expreſs conſent,
And both to *Hymen's* altar went;
Delighted with th' auſpicious view,
Their blaſted bliſs ſhould bloom anew.
But, what might hardly be believed,
Alike they found themſelves deceived:
The *Huſband* on his humour bent,
Aſſumed the reins of government;
The *Wife*, beyond her province bold,
Oppoſed his ſway, his will controul'd.
They frown, provoke, inſult and jar,
And mut'ally engage in war.

One day, the huſband chanced to meet
An old acquaintance in the ſtreet,
Who ſoon obſerv'd his downcaſt air,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his care.
"The reaſon, Friend?" He heav'd a ſigh,
And the tear trickl'd from his eye—
"I'm moſt unhappy in my wife;
"We live in everlaſting ſtrife:
"Yet with her former huſband ſhe
"Enjoy'd a bliſsful amity;
"And with my former wife I ſpent
"Whole years of love and ſweet content.
"From what does this ſad change ariſe!"
"From what? his ſmiling neighbour cries,
"I'll the unhappy cauſe declare,
"If you the painful truth can bear.

" YOUR wife deceaſed obſerv'd her man,
" Beheld how high your paſſions ran ;
" How fond of pow'r, to wrath how prone,
" Then ſought *your* comfort and *her own*.
" In all ſhe could obey'd, comply'd,
" Nor once diſpleas'd you till ſhe dy'd.
" The huſband of your preſent dame
" Upon his marriage did the ſame,
" He ſtudy'd well her turn of mind,
" How ſelf-important, how inclined
" To have her humor gratify'd ;
" He watch'd the wind, and watch'd the tide;
" And thus, by kindly giving way,
" And ſoftly managing his ſway,
" He to his wiſhes form'd his wife,
" And paſs'd ſerene his wedded life—
" How then can empire abſolute
" Your ſpouſe ſo gently treated ſuit ?
" And where the wonder ſhe diſdains
" T' obey your beck, and wear your chains ?
" Hence all your dire contention flows,
" And this the ſecret of your woes :
" *Wiſdom*, to ſpeak the truth, is fled,
" And *Folly* rages in its ſtead."

MALES, females to the tale advert,
And ſtamp the moral on the heart.
If you in *Hymen's* bonds unite,
Be it your ſtudy, your delight
T' oblige the partners of your lives :
Love, like a tender bloſſom, thrives

In gentle dews, and placid ſkies,
In torrents and in tempeſts dies :
Now mildly plead, now kindly yield,
But dread the thunder of the field.
If anger in the man ſhould burn,
No anger let his mate return ;
Should the wife drop a bitter word,
Let not the huſband's wrath be ſtirr'd :
If ever the *fool's cap* appear
One and but one its bells muſt wear ;
On t'other ſide let *wiſdom's* ſhield
In all its glory ſhine reveal'd :
Her preſence, or in man or wife,
Will guard the houſe from ev'ry ſtrife,
But, when in both ſhe reigns ſupreme,
Twice happy is her double beam ;
They live in peace, abound in love,
And antedate the joys above.

The PERVERSE PAIR, *or the* MISCHIEFS *of* SELF-WILL *and* OBSTINACY.

A WEDDED pair, one ſummer's day,
When *Sirius* ſhot his ſultry ray,
Threw up their windows to receive
The coolneſs freſher air might give.
It chanced that thro' the open ſpace,
As they purſued their airy race,
In ruſh'd a *Waſp* and then a *Bee*,
And took th' unwelcome liberty
Of ranging round and round the room,
As through ſome grove of rich perfume:
The lady watch'd their reſtleſs flight,
And, juſt as one preſumed to light
Upon her arm, ſhe bruſh'd his wing,
Who in revenge infix'd his ſting
Upon her cheek: away he flew,
And with him his companion too.

"A *WASP*, a *waſp*, ſhe ſhriek'd in pain,
"Has ſtung my face." She ſhriek'd in vain!
Her huſband calmly heard her grief,
Nor moved a ſtep to her relief.

"'TWAS not the *waſp*, but *bee*, he cries,
"Or I ſhall never truſt my eyes."
"But 'twas the *waſp* that ſtruck his dart,
"The wife replies, and cauſed my ſmart."
"Woman, returns her haughty mate,

"Dare you with me the point debate?"—
"Dread Sir, when I commenced your wife
"Was it to be your fool for life?"

So high the flames of diſcord ran,
Which from ſo ſmall a ſpark began,
That each inſiſting each was right,
They ſeparated rooms at night,
And for twelve moons remain'd apart,
If not in form, divorced in heart.

When a whole year had roll'd away
Some friends more wiſe and kind than they
Their mediation interpoſed,
And, as they hoped, the variance cloſed.
Th' harmonious pair together came,
And *Hymen's* torch reſumed its flame;
When thus the man:—"About a *bee*,
"How ſtrange that we ſhould diſagree?"
"About a *bee*, the wife replies"—
Reſentment flaſhing from her eyes—
"About a *waſp!*"—"Nay, ceaſe your tongue!
"'Twas by a *bee* your face was ſtung."

The former quarrel they renew'd
In terms ſo violent and rude
That they divorced themſelves anew,
No more or love or friendſhip knew.

Ye wedded pairs, attention lend,
And hear th' advices of a friend:

From marriage be ſelf-will diſmiſs'd,
Never on little things inſiſt ;
Rather from diſputation ceaſe
Than wound the pleaſures of your peace ;
Strive to oblige, give no offence,
However ſpecious the pretence :
In all you ſay, in all you do,
Keep your felicity in view :
If this is hot, let that be cool ;
Too much for both to play the fool :
Be it your firſt and laſt concern
That love may higher, purer burn,
And ſuffer no domeſtic ſtrife
To cloud the ſunſhine of your life :
Love will a thouſand duties do,
And make thoſe duties pleaſant too,
And with a mantle ſoft and wide
Innumerable failings hide.

The CRUEL HUSBAND REFORMED *by the* MEEKNESS *and* PRUDENCE *of his* WIFE.

CURVUS into the married ſtate
Had enter'd with a lovely mate,
Who, to the beauties of her face,
Her finiſh'd form and blooming grace,
To manners eaſy and polite,
All that was pleaſing to the ſight,
Added the ſweeteſt innocence,
Truth, meekneſs, and benevolence;
And with inceſſant ſtudy ſtrove
T' attach and fix her partner's love.
But, what may ſeem beyond relief,
Her huſband proved her foreſt grief;
Deſpotic, inſolent, perverſe,
Proceeding ſtill from bad to worſe,
Of wedded life the bane and curſe.

No ſooner had the purple dawn
Shed its young radiance o'er the lawn
Than the baſe wretch with madneſs fired,
As hell itſelf his ſoul inſpired,
Began to vex his gentle dove,
And all her pow'rs of patience prove,
By inſults, ſneers, and cenſures tart,
That went like arrows to her heart.
At meals he never could ſit down
Without a prefatory frown:
"Too fat, too lean, too young, too old,

"Too raw, too roaſt, too hot, too cold,"
The tyrant ever would complain,
And fault would either find or feign:
However excellent the food
From ſtream, or ocean, field or wood,
He never fail'd to vitiate all
With rank ill-nature's bittereſt gall,
And from his table roſe unbleſs'd
Till he his partner had diſtreſs'd,
Or try'd her quiet to deſtroy,
Miſchief and miſery all his joy;
While ſhe, bright charmer, midſt the ſcene
Appear'd immoveably ſerene,
Nor one complaining word return'd,
Though deep her ſoul in ſecret mourn'd.
Thus, when dark clouds the day deform,
A rainbow ſmiles, and gilds the ſtorm.

When night had ſpread her mantle round,
And all was huſh'd in peace profound,
The wretch renew'd his wonted ſtrife,
Still ſtudious to torment his wife;
Till, like ſome wayward, peeviſh child,
By no ſoft arts to be beguil'd,
He cloſed his eyes with ſleep oppreſt,
And all his noiſe was laid to reſt.

One day, returning from his grounds,
Encircled with his ſporting hounds,
Up ſtairs in all his dirt he flew,
And with him all his filthy crew;

Beds, ſofas, rooms they travers'd o'er,
And ſcatter'd mire through ev'ry floor:
This huge, ſuperlative offence,
This outrage of malevolence,
His gentle mate with meekneſs took
Without one angry word or look,
Though down her cheeks in ſilence ſtole
The tears, that ſpoke her anguiſh'd ſoul.

THRICE had the ſwift revolving ſun
Through Heav'n's wide arch his journey run,
When, as his partner ſtill poſſeſs'd
Her peaceful temper, and expreſs'd
Her love in ev'ry pleaſing way,
Eager t' oblige and to obey,
This worſe than brute, this fiend began
At length to ſoften into man.

"How could you, my long-injur'd Fair,
"With my late cruel inſult bear!
"What motive influenced your mind
"To be ſo patient and ſo kind?"

"MY Dear, I'll tell you, ſhe reply'd,
And as ſhe ſpoke, ſhe deeply ſigh'd:
"As I perceive you bent to take
"The road to the infernal lake,
"And know that you ere long muſt dwell
"In everlaſting fires in hell,
"I am reſolv'd with all my pow'r
"To make you bleſt from hour to hour;

"Unwilling you ſhould undergo
"Both preſent and eternal woe."

She ſaid—her anſwer like a dart,
Planted its anguiſh in his heart:
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ceaſed his ſtrife,
With tender love embraced his wife,
And from that hour reform'd his life.

Thus by one gentle, faithful word
The brute was to the man reſtored,
Her prudent love the happy mean
Set home by pow'r and grace unſeen.

The OVER-FONDNESS *of* PARENTS, *or the miſerable* CONSEQUENCES *of unbounded* INDULGENCE *to* CHILDREN.

A PAIR in *Hymen's* ſilken bands
Had join'd their hearts as well as hands:
A lovely GIRL their marriage crown'd,
In whom their very ſouls were bound.
In auburn ringlets waved her hair,
Her features fine, complexion fair:
So high ſhe grew in their eſteem,
Affection ſhed ſo hot a gleam
Miſs muſt be ever gratify'd,
In nought oppoſed, in nought deny'd,
And father, mother, ſervants all
Obedient wait upon her call.

ON the young *Lady's* natal day,
When her ſixth year had roll'd away,
A ſumptous dinner was prepared,
And favourite friends the banquet ſhared:
The turbot dignify'd the board,
The cellar yielded up its hoard
Of gen'rous ales, and gen'rous wines,
The choice of *French* and *Spaniſh* vines;
To crown the whole at laſt appears,
A noble pile a baſket bears,
Of rich, ripe fruits a various ſtore,
Enough for all the gueſts, and more:
The fig that under purple ſtains

A luxury of ſweets contains,
The grape, with juice nectareous crown'd,
The peach for luſcious taſte renown'd,
The azure plumb, the golden pear,
The choiceſt products of the year.

THE *Girl* well-pleaſed the baſket ſaw,
And, knowing that her will was law,
Claim'd the whole cargo as her own :
Without a check, without a frown
The parents ſat, like idiots, mute,
While *Miſs* monoplized the fruit.
Some part ſhe bit and ſlaver'd o'er,
Some part in play in pieces tore,
And more than half ſhe cruſh'd and maſh'd,
And on the floor in ruin daſh'd,
Until the deſert was deſtroy'd,
And not one friend one taſte enjoy'd.

WHEN *Miſs* had waſted all the ſtore
The baſket in her hand ſhe bore,
Till from the ſkies the ſun withdrew,
And the full moon appear'd in view ;
Which, as her ſilver light ſhe ſhed,
As our young *Lady* paſs'd to bed,
The *Girl* inſiſted ſhould from Heav'n
Be fetch'd, and ſtrait to her be giv'n,
That in the baſket's empty ſpace
Her hands the ſhining ball might place :
" It can't be done," the parents cry'd—
" It ſhall be done!" the child reply'd—

" My deareſt creature, pray be ſtill"—
" I'll have the moon, I will, I will!
" My open baſket here it lies;
" Reach me the play-thing from the ſkies!"

Miss, who had never been deny'd
Her will till now, wept, ſobb'd, and ſigh'd
And wept, and ſobb'd, and ſigh'd again,
All reaſonings, all perſuaſions vain;
Till, in her ecſtacy of grief,
That burſt all bounds, ſpurn'd all relief,
Convulſions ſeiz'd upon her frame,
And next a raging Fever came,
That, baffling all attemps to ſave,
Sent her untimely to the grave:
The moon employ'd her lateſt breath,
And quiver'd on her tongue in death.
Too late the ſire, and mother own
In many a fruitleſs tear and groan
Their cruel fondneſs, and lament
Their folly in their puniſhment.

Beware, ye parents, leſt your love
A curſe, and not a bleſſing prove:
Often a child its ruin meets
By falſe indulgence, poiſonous ſweets:
If we would hope our vines ſhould bear
Rich, purple cluſters ev'ry year,
The tutor'd trees muſt often feel
The amputations of the ſteel:
Uncheck'd luxurience uſeleſs grows;

Few grapes are found in lawleſs boughs.
Paſſion, and pride, and luſt of ſway
In life's firſt days their ſtrength diſplay,
While reaſon wakes by ſlow degrees,
Or our right road but dimly ſees.

YE Parents, try to curb the firſt,
And, be the laſt as kindly nurſed:
In fine, by Wiſdom's ſteady light
Direct your progeny aright;
And, to ſecure their ſouls from ill,
And aid their ſteps up *Virtue's* hill,
Now ſmile in love, now frown, in pow'r,
For each in turn ſhould reign its hour.

PARENTAL SEVERITY, *or the* DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES *of an* HARSH CARRIAGE *towards* CHILDREN.

A MAN, who, with conſummate art
Veil'd his malignity of heart,
With a young lady join'd his hand
In wedlock's honourable band;
Who, when the year had journey'd round,
With a twin-birth their marriage crown'd;
A Daughter this, and that a Son,
Who as the circling ſeaſons run,
Grew up an hopeful, pleaſing pair,
Worthieſt parental love and care;
But, as they paſs'd from ſtage to ſtage,
And now were near arrived at age,
The father, rough and proud of ſway,
Harraſs'd their lives from day to day
With frowns, and menaces, and blows,
Such as a *Turkiſh* vaſſal knows.

THE youth, the nymph, abhorr'd their ſire,
And to redreſs their wrongs conſpire
To quit his family, nor more
Come near the cruel tyrant's door.
The Son elopes, and for awhile
Earn'd his ſubſiſtance by his toil;
But wide o'er ſea and land he rang'd,
And oft his ſituation chang'd;

Till by corruption's ſtream drawn in,
And venturing on from ſin to ſin,
Th' unhappy youth whirl'd round and round,
Then ſunk, in utter ruin drown'd.

THE Daughter to obtain relief
From her perpetual pangs of grief,
Fled to a near kind relative,
With whom ſhe hoped ſerene to live,
As well ſhe knew her gentle mind,
To love and peace how well inclined.

THE aunt, for ſuch ſhe was, received
Her niece, and for her troubles grieved:
But when the ſurly Tyrant knew
Whither the fugitive withdrew,
He order'd an expreſs away
For her return without delay;
Threatning, ſhould ſhe refuſe to come,
That he in ſhame would force her home:
The Girl reluctantly comply'd,
And felt the monſter's pow'r and pride
Redoubl'd, which in dire deſpair
She now reſolv'd no more to bear,
But from her native ſpot withdrew,
And to the domes of *London* flew.

WHILE money her demands ſupply'd,
She ſail'd on pleaſure's flowing tide.
From ſight to ſight ſhe paſs'd the day,
At night was conſtant at the play;

But, when resources fail'd, and she
Saw nought but ghastly poverty,
A lordling's Mistress she became,
And for subsistance brook'd the shame:
Five months in grandeur's gawdy glare,
And luxury he kept the fair,
The sixth he turn'd her on the town,
Where, unprovided, all unknown,
She quickly sunk beneath the brute,
An errant, public prostitute.

Ye Parents, while with sovereign hand
You govern, and your house command,
With love and clemency preside,
And the firm reins with prudence guide.
If children swerve from *virtue's* line,
And to the paths of *vice* decline,
By ev'ry gentle method show
The better road their steps should go;
Nor, till mild means are try'd in vain,
With penal terrors arm your reign:
Rigour will make them hate your laws,
But tenderness affection draws.

Firm to withstand the nothern blast
The trav'ler bound his garment fast,
But, when he felt the solar flame,
Off the encumb'ring covering came:
Think, think how most unnatural
T' oppress, dispirit, and enthral
The children, that all gracious Heaven

Has to your arms and boſoms giv'n?
Birds, beaſts careſs their tender brood,
The bloody tyrants of the wood,
The wolf, the tyger, and the bear
Make their young progeny their care;
And why ſhall ſires, with reaſon crown'd,
Delight in ſpreading terrors round,
Nor mingle with their gloomy ſway
One ſmiling, one propitious ray?
Indulgence may deſtructive prove,
But ſtill *indulgence* ſhows our love;
But where the love when brutal pow'r
Chides, threatens, thunders ev'ry hour?

The LOVE *of a* CHILD *to its* PARENTS; *the happy* RESTORATION *of their* AFFECTIONS *to* EACH OTHER.

NINE years a wedded pair had ſpent
With ſcarce a ruffling diſcontent:
Their marriage one ſweet bloſſom bleſs'd,
Of every charming grace poſſeſs'd,
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
Still more and more endear'd the flow'r;
But, though ſo bright a ſcene as this
Promis'd uninterrupted bliſs,
In the tenth year the Man and Wife
Broke into furious jars and ſtrife;
To ſuch an height their variance roſe
The lovers were transform'd to foes,
And ev'ry day and night renew'd
Their quarrels and diſquietude:
Still going on from bad to worſe,
And each to each a growing curſe,
To put an end to all the ſtrife
They both reſolved to part for life.
The time was fix'd, the morning came
Far, far away to bear the dame;
The coach ſtood ready at the door;
One cold ſalute, and all was o'er!

BUT Heav'n defeated the intent
By a ſurpriſing incident.
Soon as the dear young daughter knew

What courſe her parents would purſue,
How that the *Father* meant to ſtay,
Her *Mother*, to remove away,
She, who had equal love to both,
Alike to part with either loth,
Now to her tender father clung,
Now on her tender mother hung.
"*Pappa*, ſhe cries, with you I'll ſtay;
"*Mamma*, with you I'll go away."
Faſt flow'd her tears, aloud ſhe cry'd,
Nor could her grief be pacify'd:
The parents felt their bowels move
With ſympathetic pain and love:

The *Father* thought, ſhould I detain
My Daughter ſhe might weep in vain
Her *Mother's* loſs, and pine away,
Though in a ſlow, yet ſure decay:
The *Mother* reaſon'd, ſhould the child,
So tender, dutiful and mild,
Be from her ſire's embraces torn
How could I bear to ſee her mourn
In hopeleſs ſorrow? What could ſave
My darling from th' untimely grave?
To be ſecure from all this grief,
And give themſelves and child relief,
They chang'd their minds, agreed to quell
Their paſſions, and together dwell
In mutual comfort all their days,
At leaſt to make their beſt eſſays:

Thus the unhappy parents rent,
Driv'n from themſelves in diſcontent,
By their dear daughter's love o'ercome
Ceas'd all their ſtrife, and ſhared one home
How richly honour'd was the ſhoot
That yielded ſuch celeſtial fruit!

An old MAN, *who had* BARBAROUSLY *used his* FATHER, REQUITED *by his* BARBAROUS SON.

A Wretch, the human form who bore,
But ſhow'd of human nothing more,
Grown up in life, with affluence bleſs'd,
As if by ſome foul fiend poſſeſs'd,
Center'd in ſelf, and fond of pow'r,
Was haughty, inſolent, and ſour.

BENEATH his roof his father dwelt,
Who age's pains and weakneſs felt :
He bent and ſhook in ev'ry limb,
His hearing dull, his viſion dim ;
But ſtill he linger'd in decay,
And made on earth too long a ſtay,
As his ungracious ſon declared,
Who ſaw his avarice debarr'd
Of what his aged ſire detain'd,
So long as he in life remain'd.

ONE day with the old man, the ſon
A quarrel without cauſe begun :
Now call'd him fool, now knave by turns,
At laſt, ſo fierce his fury burns,
He ſtruck his father with his fiſt,
Whoſe force unable to reſiſt,
He tumbled proſtrate on the ground,
But there he no compaſſion found,

The monſter ſeiz'd his hoary locks,
His cries, his ſhrieks, his pleadings mocks,
And trails his body on the floor
Till he had drag'd him to the door,
Whence to expel him as he try'd,
"Son hold your hand," the father cry'd,
"Only thus far my ſire I drew,
"Let me not be worſe uſed by you."

How oft does equal providence
Evil in its own kind diſpenſe,
And in our preſent miſeries ſhow
What former crimes we dared to do?
The king, who loſt his thumbs and toes,
Confeſs'd amidſt his bleeding woes
A righteous GOD to him had dealt
What ſeventy kings from him had felt*.

ABIMELECH his brethren ſlew,
And heav'nly vengeance on him drew;
A woman ſends a forceful ſtone
Full on his head, and cruſh'd the bone†.
If *Agag's* ſword with human gore
In its mad rage is crimſon'd o'er,
Agag himſelf expires at length
Under the ſword's reſiſtleſs ſtrength ‖.
Abſalom ruſhes into arms
Of treaſon, and his ſire alarms,

* *Judges* i. 6, 7. † *Ibid* ix. 53, 54.
‖ 2 *Sam.* xviii. 14.

Suſpended in the oak the dart
Avenging plung'd into his heart §.

By *Ahab*, and by *Jezebel*
The undeſerving *Naboth* fell :
On the ſame ſpot where he was ſlain,
Where the dogs drank his guſhing vein,
By heavens juſt doom the eager hounds
Lapt the blood ſpouting from their wounds.*

Haman erects a gallows high
Where worthy *Mordecai* ſhould die,
But there in infinite diſgrace
The haughty wretch ſupply'd his place †.

These inſtances with others ſhow
That providence preſides below,
At times in gloomy clouds conceal'd,
At times refulgently reveal'd ;
For, ſhould its ſplendors not appear,
Men might ſuſpect its preſence here,
Or if it always ſhould diſplay
Its vengeful or propitious ray
For ev'ry vile or virtuous deed,
It might that judgement ſuperſede,
When the ſupreme, omniſcient Lord
Shall give to all their juſt reward,
Advancing theſe to heav'nly bliſs,
And dooming thoſe to hell's abyſs.

§ 1 *Sam.* xv. 33.
* 1 *Kings* xxii. 28. *and* 2 *Kings* ix. 33, 36.
† *Eſther* vii. 9, 10.

The CONDUCT *of the* THIEF *at the* GALLOWS *to his* MOTHER, *who had been the* PROMPTER *of his* WICKEDNESS, *and the* CAUSE *of his* RUIN.

A BOY, moſt ignorantly bred,
Who what was good nor heard nor read,
And by his parents patterns taught
All that was infamouſly naught,
As he paſs'd on from ſtage to ſtage
From infancy to manly age,
Grew worſe and worſe, in ſin more bold,
Neither by GOD nor man control'd.

AT length a gang of thieves he join'd,
And ſometimes ſecretly purloin'd,
And ſometimes on the open way
Plunder'd beneath the eye of day:
Juſtice, who ſinners ne'er forſakes,
However ſlow the ſteps ſhe takes,
Seiz'd him at laſt with rigorous hands,
And clapp'd him in her iron bands:
From priſon to the bar he paſt,
Where for his crimes the wretch was caſt,
And doom'd in a few days to die,
Suſpended by the neck on high:
The morning came: the ſheriff's train,
The conſtables of office vain,

The cart his body to convey,
The coffin to incloſe his clay,
The gazing crowd, the tolling bell,
Hangman and cord his fate foretel.

As he drew near the place of death,
In ſobs and ſighs he ſpent his breath,
Now wrung his hands, now beat his breaſt,
His ſoul immeaſurably diſtreſt :
Arriving there he caſt his eye
Upon his mother ſtanding by ;
He aſk'd to ſpeak a word with her ;
Leave was obtain'd without demur ;
He clapt his mouth upon her ear,
And, while ſhe liſt'ned what to hear,
Infix'd his teeth, and bit it through ;
Soon as the crowd the miſchief knew,
Amazed provok'd to rage and hate,
All cry'd, he well deſerv'd his fate,
And urg'd it on ;—when thus the ſon,
" Good people, what I now have done
" May ſeem a moſt enormous crime,
" Black'ned with horrors by the time ;
" But know this woman, (mother ſhe
" Deſerves not to be ſtiled by me)
" Has brought me to this dreadful place,
" To all this ruin, this diſgrace.
" When I a top or marble thiev'd
" From my young playmates, ſhe receiv'd,
" Well-knowing whence they came, the ſpoils,
" Gave me her kiſſes and her ſmiles.

" Whenever I tranſgreſs'd my bounds,
" Ventur'd upon a neighbour's grounds,
" And bore his fruits and fowls away
" This monſter welcom'd home the prey ;
" Call'd me, good child, my deeds approv'd,
" The more I ſtole, the more ſhe loved :
" Cheriſh'd by her, from ſtrength to ſtrength
" My vices grew, and now at length
" I reap in agonies unkown
" The baleful harveſt ſhe has ſown !"

Ye Parents, from this inſtance learn,
And right from what is wrong diſcern ;
Into your progeny inſtil
Betimes their *Maker's* holy will,
And, when their giddy ſteps incline
To ſtray from virtue's ſacred line,
Uſe all your wiſdom, all your might
To bend, to fix them to the right.
How dire to hear your children ſay
At death, or on the judgement day,
They to their wicked parents owe
Their preſent and their future woe!
How bleſt to hear their tranſports own,
Or in this world, or world unknown,
The holy precepts you have giv'n,
Shew'd them the road to Life and Heav'n !

Signal PUNISHMENT *upon* UNDUTIFULNESS *to* PARENTS.

A YOUTH there was, extremely bad,
With ſin, the worſt of madneſs, mad;
Lying, licentious, and profane,
Unruly, impudent, and vain;
And add to all a plague he proved
To them, whom he ſhould moſt have loved.
His parents, who their ſon careſs'd,
And with their hourly kindneſs bleſs'd,
With foul deſpite the monſter uſed,
Provok'd, inſulted, and abuſed,
Heap'd on them moſt opprobrious names,
And curſed them to th' infernal flames.

THE wretch without remorſe or fear
Rapid ruſh'd on in ſin's career,
Till to poſſeſs a rich man's ſtores,
He ſcal'd his walls, and burſt his doors,
And finding by no other way
How he could graſp the wealthy prey,
Shed of the ſire and ſon the blood,
Who his accurſed attempts withſtood.
The miſcreant in the fact was caught,
And to the bar of juſtice brought,
Where he was doom'd in ſhame to die,
And his remains to rot on high.

Arrived at the fatal place,
His crimes all ſtared him in the face,

And moſt how he his parents uſed,
Spurn'd their advice, their love abuſed ;
" Now, now, he cry'd on me will light
" That Curſe ſo long I dared to ſlight ;
" The eye, that mocks its father's will,
" The eye diſdaining to fulfil
" Its Mother's pleaſure, this ſhall know
" The fouleſt ſhame, the foreſt woe ;
" Ravens ſhall ſcoop its from its cup,
" And the young eagles eat it up* ;
" This ſhame, this woe by doom divine,
" And hell's eternal pains are mine !"

He ſpoke, his eyes with horror glare ;
In inconceivable deſpair
He launch'd from life ; his pale remains
Were quickly gibbetted in chains,
His eyes, and his whole carcaſe giv'n
A banquet to the fowls of heav'n.
Sons, daughters, on this ſcene reflect,
And treat your parents with reſpect ;
Reſpect ! I back recall the word,
Let them be rev'renc'd and preferr'd
Above all others. What they ſay
On ſwifteſt wings of love obey,
What they forbid avoid to do ;
Their comfort as your own purſue.

* Prov. *xxx.* 17. *The eye that mocks at his father, and deſpiſes to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley ſhall pick it out, and the young eagles ſhall eat it.*

"Honour thy parents, ſaid the Lord,
"When trembling *Sinai* heard his word,
"That in the land thy GOD ſhall give
"Thou long in happineſs may'ſt live *."
In the new code of truth divine,
Wherein harmonious glories ſhine
The holieſt laws, and richeſt grace,
To guide and bleſs our ruin'd race,
This great commandment blooms anew,
Where blooms its bliſsful promiſe too §.

FROM diſobedience, horrid crime
To guard the *Jews* in future time
JEHOVAH gave th' expreſs command,
Written by *Moſes'* faithful hand,
That ſhould there riſe their tribes among
A ſon rebellious, bent on wrong,
Stubborn, perverſe, and diſſolute,
Who dared his parents' will diſpute,
Nor to their voice would yield an ear,
Tho' to poſſeſs his ſoul with fear,
And turn the wanderer back to GOD,
They had not ſpared the chaſt'ning rod,
When ſuch the caſe, ſo Heav'n decrees,
Let his own ſire the rebel ſeize,
And bring him to the city-gates
Before th' aſſembled magiſtrates;
When both the parents thus ſhall ſay,
"Our ſon will not our voice obey,

* *Exod.* xx. 12. § *Eph.* vi. 2, 3.

" On folly obſtinately bent,
" Rebellious to our goverment,
" Averſe to labour, drown'd in ſloth,
" A glutton and a drunkard both."

THIS accuſation heard and proved,
The city, by his tears unmoved,
Shall as one man confederate riſe,
And ſtone the miſcreant till he dies:
Thus for the crimes of crimſon dye,
Ye ſhall your nation purify,
While *Iſreal* through its coaſts ſhall hear
The righteous wrath with ſolemn fear *.

WHEN *Ham* expoſed his father's ſhame
An heavy curſe upon him came. †
See againſt both his king and ſire
Th' ungracious *Abſalom* conſpire,
Rouſe half the kingdom into arms,
And ſhake the throne with dire alarms;
But ſoon from his defeated hoſt,
All his proud hopes of empire loſt,
He flies, and by his length of hair
Caught in the oak depends in air,
Where he receives the forceful dart,
That plung'd reſiſtleſs to his heart ‡.

THE *Rechabites* were prais'd by Heav'n
To them peculiar grace was giv'n,

* *Deut.* xxi. 18—22. †*Gen.* ix. 25.
‡ 2 *Sam.* xviii. 14.

Becauſe they ſteadfaſtly obey'd
Th' injunctions by their father laid,
When from the world his ſpirit fled,
His body mingled with the dead §.

When the eternal word came down,
And took a body like our own,
Through the whole period of his growth,
Through all his childhood, all his youth,
He, ſubject to his parents will,
Was pleas'd their pleaſure to fulfil :*
When on the croſs out-ſtretch'd he ſpy'd
His friend and mother at his ſide,
" Woman," he ſaid, " behold thy ſon,
" So deem him till thy years are run ;"
" My ſon, " he cry'd, " thy mother ſee,
" Let her, as ſuch, be bleſs'd in thee." †

Of filial love amazing proof,
That, when on ruin'd man's behoof,
Such infinite diſtreſs he bore,
And the blood ſtream'd from ev'ry pore,
When from his peerleſs ſacrifice
He ſaw what boundleſs bliſs would riſe,
He for his mother ſhould provide
A ſon, a guardian, and a guide
In the diſciple, whom he loved,
By him moſt honour'd, moſt approved.

§ *Jer.* xxxv.

* *Luke.* ii. 51. † *John* xix. 26, 27.

CHILDREN, the Saviour's steps pursue,
Let what he was be seen in you,
Obey your parents all your days,
Their constant pleasure, constant praise.

The PIOUS YOUTH : *or the* PLEASURES *of* RELIGION *in* LIFE *and* DEATH.

FROM parents, ſervants of the LORD,
Who fear'd his name, obey'd his word,
And in the paths of piety
Conducted their young progeny,
Obedience with their praiſes crown'd,
On ev'ry miſdemeanor frowned,
Euſebius ſprung ; his tender mind
Favour'd by heav'n, to good inclined,
Drank their divine inſtructions in,
With *Virtue* cloſed, and fear'd to ſin :
Thus cultur'd grounds th' etherial ſtream
Imbibe, and now th' etherial beam
Till flow'rs, and fruits, and golden grain
Inveſt the garden or the plain ;
From childhood up to manly age
He ſeem'd to all a growing ſage ;
His ſabbaths he devoutly kept ;
When he aroſe, before he ſlept
He offer'd his requeſts to heav'n,
And bleſs'd his GOD for mercies giv'n.

THE Bible, in whoſe pages ſhine
The beams of light and love divine,
He read, he ponder'd, and believ'd,
And all its holy truths receiv'd ;
Its doctrines, through its volumes traced,
With a firm faith his ſoul embraced ;

Its laws, with ſo much goodneſs mixt,
His love and admiration fixt.
Its promiſes, with grace replete,
Were to his taſte divinely ſweet;
Its threats, with heav'n's artillery arm'd,
To puniſh ſin, his fears alarm'd;
Thus taught, thus furniſh'd, thus impreſt,
Of vital holineſs poſſeſt;
From day to day, from hour to hour
Euſebius ſhow'd its inward pow'r.
For acts of filial piety
No ſon more eminent than he:
Meekneſs and truth and mercy hung
On ev'ry accent of his tongue;
To all mankind he gave their due,
Nor fraud nor over-reaching knew;
When want and woe to him apply'd
He never once his help deny'd,
But with as much delight would give
As miſery could his boons receive.

When this bright ſaint to manhood came,
A deep conſumption ſeiz'd his frame;
Nine moons he languiſh'd in decay,
The tenth diſſolv'd his houſe of clay;
But what an edifying ſcene!
His mind how patient, how ſerene!
What ſpeeches from his lips diſtill'd!
What hopes, what joys his boſom fill'd!
Death could not make his ſoul afraid;
He ſaw beyond his duſky ſhade

The realms of light, and love, and bliſs,
And faith aſſured him they were his.
How oft would he exult and cry,
While the tear ſparkled in his eye;
"I know my Saviour lives, I know
"That he one day the heav'ns ſhall bow,
"And ſtoop to earth! that tho' the worm
"Corrodes the ſkin, deſtroys this form,
"Yet in my fleſh theſe very eyes
"Shall ſee my GOD with ſweet ſurpriſe;
"My deeply humbled body firſt,
"Without, within, conſign'd to duſt *."

WHILE friends and relatives ſtood by,
And dropt the tear, or drew the ſigh,
Whene'er their ſorrows he eſpy'd,
"Mourn not for me, he calmly cry'd,
"My voyage and my dangers o'er,
"I'm making the celeſtial ſhore,
"The region of untroubled reſt,
"There to be ever, ever bleſt,
"While you awhile behind me ſtay

* *For I know that my Redeemer lives, and that he ſhall ſtand at the latter day upon the earth; (or riſe with dominion over the duſt) and though after my ſkin worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee* GOD: *whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf, and my eyes ſhall behold and not another, though my reins be conſumed within me*—Job xix. 25—28.

" Through winds and waves to urge your way,
" But to my dying charge attend,
" Be ſure to Heav'n your courſe you bend,
" That, be your paſſage long or ſhort,
" You may attain the bliſsful port."

THE day on which he bow'd his head
In death, he thus in tranſport ſaid ;
" Now I have done with mortal things——
" To thee, my GOD, my ſpirit ſprings
" To hold an intercourſe with thee
" Through boundleſs, bleſt eternity :
" Parents, relations all adieu,
" Till Heav'n our friendſhip ſhall renew ;
" Adieu, thou earth, and lower ſky,
" Adieu, ye rolling orbs on high ;
" Father of ſpirits, GOD of love,
" JESUS, my advocate above,
" Spirit of grace, enliv'ning ſun,
" To you my life, my all, I run ;
" Welcome, ye natives of the ſky,
" Welcome, ye glorious colony,
" Who, by redeeming love forgiv'n,
" Now mingle with the peers of Heav'n ;
" Welcome, thou pure, thou bright abode,
" Palace and temple of my GOD ;
" And welcome death, th' appointed way
" To realms of everlaſting day.

" O THOU, my father, thou my friend,
" To thee, my ſpirit I commend,

"Thou haſt redeem'd and made it thine
"By love, by pow'r by price divine †."

† *The above ſpeech of the pious youth on his Death-bed is verſified from Dr.* Croock-ſhank's *account of Mr.* Hugh Mac Kail, *in his hiſtory of the church of* Scotland, *Vol. I. P. 236, and 237. The dying words of Mr.* Mac Kail *are,* "*I go to your father, and my* "*father, to your* GOD *and my* GOD, *to your* "*King, and my King, to the bleſſed Apoſtles* "*and Martyrs, and to the city of the living* "GOD, *the heavenly Jeruſalem, to an innu-* "*merable company of Angels, to the general* "*Aſſembly and church of the firſt-born, and* "*to* GOD *the judge of all, and to the Spirits* "*of juſt men made perfect, and to Jeſus the Me-* "*diator of the new covenent——And now I* "*leave off to ſpeak any more to creatures, and* "*turn my ſpeech to thee, O* LORD *! And now* "*I begin my intercourſe with* GOD, *which* "*ſhall never be broken off. Farewell, Father* "*and Mother, Friends and Relations; fare-* "*well the World, and all Delights; farewell* "*Meat and Drink; farewell Sun, Moon, and* "*Stars. Welcome* GOD *and Father; welcome* "*ſweet* JESUS, *the meditator of the new cov-* "*enant; welcome bleſſed ſpirit of Grace &* GOD "*of all conſolation; welcome Glory; welcome* "*eternal Life; welcome Death.——O* LORD, "*into thy hands I commit my ſpirit, for thou haſt* "*redeemed my ſoul,* LORD GOD *of truth.*"

He ſaid, drew ſhort his lab'ring breath,
Stretch'd out his limbs, and ſmiled in death.

When in the grave his corpſe was laid
All to his pious memory paid
The tribute of their tears and praiſe,
Remark'd how bright, but few his days;
But moſt the poor his loſs bemoan'd,
Immeaſurably wept and groan'd.

Who but applauds a life like this?
In death who would not taſte his bliſs?
Ye young, ye old, his ſteps purſue,
And let his virtue live in you.
Thus you, like him, may hope to die,
Like him aſcend th' empyreal ſky,
The heirs of bleſt erernity.

The PROFLIGATE YOUTH; *or, The* MISERIES *of* WICKEDNESS *in* LIFE *and* DEATH.

FROM parents moſt ſincerely good,
Honour'd by all the neighborhood,
Pravus deſcended; but his mind
Was from his birth to ill inclined;
All good advice aſide he threw,
Nor honour, nor obedience knew,
Though father, mother, ever ſtrove
T' attach his duty by their love.
Brother and ſiſter he abuſed,
Of crimes their innocence accuſed,
Now ſtorm'd in rage, now lowr'd in ſpite,
Miſchiefs and feuds his whole delight.
No ſervant of the houſe but he
Oppreſs'd with haughty tyranny,
As bound his orders to fulfil,
And bow the vaſſals of his will,
When he ſome wickedneſs had wrought,
And ſtood convicted of the fault,
With an unduanted impudence
He ſtill avow'd his innocence:
His ſire his ruin to prevent
At length th' unruly ſtripling ſent
To a well-manag'd ſchool, where he
Grew deſperate in iniquity,
Shook off the maſter's lenient reins,
Deſpiſed his threats, and mock'd his pains:

'Twas not enough himſelf were bad,
But, like an imp of hell, the lad
With all his might, with all his heart
Try'd his foul ſpirit to impart
To all his mates. The tutor ſtrove,
Now in the gentleneſs of love,
Now in the terrors of his reign,
To cure, to curb him all in vain:
Even his paſtime and his ſport
Were always of the injurious ſort—
To maim ſome inoffenſive dog—
To ſet the maſtiff on the hog—
To pluck from bees their wings and thighs—
Or torture ſparrows, worms and flies.
No worthy principle had he,
But ſeiz'd another's property
By open force, or ſtealth unknown,
And freely uſed it as his own.
Alike by GOD and man unaw'd
He never ſcupled to defraud
His ſcool-fellows of what was theirs
By ſoft deceit, or bluſt'ring airs.
The neighbours fields, and orchards round
In him a conſtant plunderer found.
And, glorifying in his guilt and ſhame,
He taught his mates to do the ſame.
The maſter, ev'ry method try'd
In vain to ſtop the impetuous tide,
Reſolv'd no more his crimes to bear,
Gave back the rebel in deſpair.
When to his parents he return'd

All but himſelf his conduct mourn'd ;
His ſpirit, unabaſh'd with ſhame,
Untouch'd with grief, remain'd the ſame :
Apprentice next commenc'd the lad,
And proved ſuperlatively bad ;
Vice, that ſo deep ſtruck its roots,
Producing ſtill more baleful fruits.
Sloth, paſſion, lying, arrogance,
Impurity, intemperance,
With oaths and curſes moſt profane
In all his life and language reign :
Stubborn, intolerant of reproof,
At length he left his maſter's roof,
Hating the man whoſe wiſh, whoſe aim
Were to repreſs, and to reclaim :
Broke looſe amidſt the raging guſts
Of headſtrong paſſions, headſtrong luſts,
The wretch a while was whirl'd around,
Then ſunk, in hopeleſs ruin drown'd :
The dire diſeaſe, that lewdneſs brings,
Arm'd with its deep-impoiſon'd ſtings,
Seiz'd on his fleſh, and pierc'd him through,
Nor health and eaſe he longer knew :
While languiſhing in ſwift decay,
And full of burning ſores he lay,
And ſaw his end approaching faſt,
Conſcience in thunder woke at laſt.
" Oh ! what a monſter have I been,
" How bold and impudent in ſin !
" My crimes in countleſs numbers riſe
" With ſcarlet and with crimſon dies ;

" All counſels, warnings I refuſed,
" My MAKER's clemency abuſed,
" His laws and love alike I ſpurn'd,
" And evil for his good return'd,
" How can I ſtand before his face?
" How can I hope for pardoning grace,
" Who dared his offer'd mercy ſlight,
" And treat his ſpirit with deſpite?
" Whither, O whither ſhall I fly,
" From life expell'd, afraid to dye?
" My doom is fix'd, and I muſt dwell
" For ever in the fires of hell:
" *For ever*—there the anguiſh lies."
He ſaid, and roll'd his ghaſtly eyes
Upon the miniſter and friends,
And thus his fervent wiſhes ſends:
" Pray, pray for me. GOD may regard
" Your pray'rs, tho' mine will not be heard;
" O pray him to reach out his hand,
" And ſave an hell-enkindled brand †."

† *The above ſpeech is verſified in a great meaſure from a ſermon of the Rev. Mr.* John Shower *entitled* an exhortation to Youth to prepare for Judgment, *occaſioned by the late repentance and funeral of a young man deceaſed*, September 29, 1681. *The account Mr.* Shower *gives of this young man is as follows:*
" *I never ſaw him to my knowledge ſave on*
" *his death-bed. yet having expreſſed his own*
" *deſire that others might take warning by*

He ceas'd ; convulſions ſeiz'd his breath ;
He ſhriek'd, and closed his eyes in death.

" *his example, I need not ſcruple to acquaint*
" *you with what I learned from himſelf, and*
" *is well known to his ſurviving companions,*
" *that during his health he put the evil day*
" *far from him, and yet was very apprehenſive*
" *of a future Judgment, and concerned at his*
" *own unpreparedneſs in his laſt ſickneſs, moſt*
" *heartily confeſſing, and that with tears, that*
" *he had indulged to youthful luſts, delighted*
" *in wicked company, lived in the prophana-*
" *tion of the ſabbath, and made a mock of eve-*
" *ry thing almoſt that was ſerious ; and this*
" *notwithſtanding the counſels of his friends,*
" *and ſome checks of his own conſcience, ſadly*
" *bemoaning his forlorn ſtate, as having little*
" *or no hope to find mercy at the hand of* GOD,
" *and penitentially confeſſing his own wilful-*
" *neſs and folly that procured it to himſelf, and*
" *thereupon cried out in the bitterneſs of his*
" *ſoul,* O! had I believed, and known what
" now I do, I would have been more con-
" cerned to ſecure my everlaſting inter-
" eſt ; I would have taken more care to a-
" void temptation ; I would have employed
" my time to better purpoſes, and attended
" the miniſtry of the word in a better man-
" ner ; but I fear it is now too late. *And*
" *then with the greateſt importunity he begged*

SUCH *Pravus'* life, ſuch *Pravus'* end:
Children and youth with awe attend,
Think what tremendous puniſhment
Thy young mad ſinner underwent;
Think of his body's racking pains,
What poiſon rankled through his veins,
And moſt what pangs tranſfix'd his heart,
When Death uplifted high his dart,
And Hell's abyſs of miſeries
In vengeance flamed before his eyes:

"*of* GOD *to pardon and forgive him for the*
"*ſake of Chriſt; then, toſſing from place to*
"*place, wringing his hands and lifting up his*
"*eyes to Heaven with all the affecting vehe-*
"*mence of a deſpairing ſoul, he beſought aſſiſt-*
"*ance of thoſe about him to ſeek to* GOD *on his*
"*behalf.* Oh! pray for me, pray for me
"for Chriſt's ſake pray for me, that, if yet
"mercy may be had, the Lord would take
"pity on a miſerable ſinner. Oh! my ſins
"are a burden too heavy for me to bear!
"I have ſinned, tho' GOD ſtood by and ſaw
"me: I have ſinned, tho' my conſcience re-
"buked me for it: I have ſinned, though
"I reſolved to ſin no more: I know not
what to do, nor which way to turn, &c.
For with ſuch words as theſe, ſays Mr.
Shower, *did he bewail himſelf, and ſignify*
"*the horrors of an accuſing conſcience.*"

Of his licentious courſe beware,
If you his anguiſh would not ſhare,
For ſin is ſorrow's bitter root;
Who plants the weed muſt eat the fruit:
Thus, while of mortal life poſſeſt,
Its ſcenes ſhall be illumed and bleſt,
And thus with radiance divine
The vale of death itſelf ſhall ſhine,
Where you ſhall drop theſe clogs of clay,
And to your God ſhall wing your way
T' enjoy his beatific ſight
In realms of infinite delight.

An ATTROCIOUS MURDER ARTFULLY CONCEALED, SURPRISINGLY DISCOVERED, *and* RIGHTEOUSLY PUNISHED. *

IN a ſmall village † near the ſide
Where the *Cam* rolls its placid tide;
There lived within a century paſt,
Two Brothers of a different caſt;
The one flagitious, profligate,
To ev'ry duty reprobate;
The other blameleſs, gentle, good,
Beloved by all the neighbourhood.

* *The account of this Murder, its concealment, diſcovery, and the execution of the author of it, I received when a lad, from a perſon or perſons of unqueſtionable veracity. It could not but be a matter of general notoriety, as it was laid open to the world by the public trial and comdemnation of the attrocious criminal at the aſſizes at* Cambridge, *and it is no wonder that it made a deep and laſting impreſſion upon all that heard it. I ſuppoſe from ſome circumſtances, the murder to have been committed about the year* 1710, *or near it.——The name of the murderer was* Jonathan; *the name of the murdered was* Henry Stevens.

† *At* Hornſey, *about four miles ſouth-eaſt of* Cambridge.

THE firſt in early years of life
Had taken to himſelf a wife,
To whom a numerous race ſhe bore,
Then dy'd and left her children poor;
For whoſe ſupport but little pains
He took, and idly ſpent his gains.
The other by his induſtry,
Temperance, and good economy,
Under the ſmiles of providence,
Had rais'd an eaſy competence,
And having neither child nor wife
To be provided for in life,
To ſave his Brother from diſtreſs
And his young progeny to bleſs,
He kindly aſk'd them all to come,
And ſhare his plenty and his home;
His doors the family receiv'd.
His bounty all their wants reliev'd.

THUS for a time beneath his roof
They lived enjoying ev'ry proof
Of gen'rous care, their relative
In his unbounded love could give:
But the bright ſcene was ſoon revers'd,
The brother, like a fiend, accurs'd,
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd favour crown'd,
By neither love nor duty bound,
Reſolv'd to take without delay
His benefactor's life away,
And make at once his wealth a prey.

THE good man from a *market town* †
One night returning ſat him down,
And bowing forward from his ſeat,
Try'd from his boots t' unſheath his feet.
Arm'd with a club the monſter came
Behind him, took a dreadful aim,
Then ſtruck his head with all his force,
Without compaſſion, or remorſe,
Renew'd his ſtrokes, daſh'd out his brains,
Nor left of life the leaſt remains,
But, weltering in a flood of gore,
The corpſe lay ſtretch'd along the floor.

WHEN the enormous crime was done,
As his foul guilt was but begun,
Up a ſteep flight of numerous ſtairs,
Now by the neck, now by the hairs
Into his room he dragg'd the dead,
And laid him underneath his bed,
To which that night he dared to go,
Deaf to the cries of blood below.

THE horrid ſcene a daughter ſaw,
When to poſſeſs her ſoul with awe,
Her father ſwore "that ſhould ſhe dare
"One word of what was done declare,

† *Probably either* Linton, New-market, *or* Cambridge, *all in his neighbourhood. Mr.* Henry Stevens *was a farmer.*

" She would receive the ſame from him,
" And he would tear her limb from limb."

Before the morning ſhed its ray
The wretch removed the breathleſs clay
Into a barn, that ſtood hard by,
Where, unobſerved by ev'ry eye,
Deep in the ground a pit he made
Where he the mangled body laid,
And with the crumbled earth it gave
Fill'd to the top the unhallow'd grave,
Then ſtampt it down with all his pow'r,
Till firm and level with the floor,
No foot could feel, * no eye could trace
The lately excavated place.
After a week or two were gone,
As the deceas'd was ſeen by none,
They aſk'd his Brother where he was?
" Where," ſaid the wretch with front of braſs,
" I know not; on a journey he
" Set out, but where, unknown to me."
As the good man ſtill diſappear'd,

* *What might ſeem ſuprizing, but yet was true according to my information, and which ſhowed the deep cunning of the villain, was that, when the hole was broken up, the earth in that ſpot where the body was concealed was as hard, and as of cloſe conſiſtance as any other part of the floor.*

If ought concerning him were heard,
Neighbours inquired from day to day,
But all the Brother choſe to ſay,
" He's gone from hence, I know not when
" He purpoſes to come again."

THIS poor account, ſo vague and blind,
With his known profligacy join'd,
The town with ſtrong ſuſpicions fill'd
He had, like *Cain*, his brother kill'd:
A ſtrict inquiry ſtrait began
If they could find the murder'd man.
They ſearch'd thro' all the waters nigh
With unremitting induſtry;
Of *Gogmagog**, explored the wells
Through all their ſubterraneous cells,
Examin'd all the manſion round
Out-houſes, ſtables, garden, ground,
If in ſome private nook or cave
They might diſcloſe a recent grave;
Laſt they ſurvey'd the barn, where lay

* *Hills ſo called about three miles ſouth of* Cambridge, *and perhaps about four from* Hornſey. *On theſe hills is the ſeat of the* Lord Godolphin. *The ſearching of the wells there is a ſtrong proof of the apprehenſion of the neihbourhood that murder had been committed, and of their determination, and indefatigable aſſiduity to diſcover it if poſſible.*

Conceal'd th' exanimated clay,
But nought uncommon met their eyes,
No hillock was obſerv'd to riſe
Above the level of the floor,
Nor could they trace one ſtain of gore,
But, juſt about to quit the place,
They mark'd upon the vacant ſpace
A wither'd ſtraw, that ſtood upright †.
Surprized, and ſtartled at the ſight,
Convinced that ſtubble could not grow,
They all reſolv'd to dig below:
They dug with moſt laborious pains,
Till they deſcry'd the dire remains,
Which from the dark receſs they drew,
And brought the butcher'd Corpſe to view.

The artful villain, who ſuppoſed
His ſin could never be diſcloſed,
And boldly ſtaid through all the time,
As if unconſcious of a crime,
They ſeized before the news was ſpread,
And to a neigbouring *Juſtice* led,

† *A withered ſtraw ſtanding upright in a floor muſt naturally lead a ſpectator to conclude that the ground where it riſes has been broken up, and that the ſtraw, when the earth was thrown together again, was accidentally left by mixing with the earth in that poſition, as a withered piece of ſtubble can never have any ſeed or root below to ſupport it.*

Who to the *County-Jail* * consign'd
The priſoner there to be confined
Till the aſſize in courſe ſhould come
T' explore his cauſe, and fix his doom.
The aſſize was held, the wretch appeared,
Undaunted his indictment heard,
And pleaded guiltleſs to the charge,
When, lo! the daughter † gave at large
The hiſtory of the horrid act,
As we before rehears'd the fact:
The court the narrative receiv'd,
Th' account beyond a doubt believ'd,
While horror thrill'd thro' ev'ry mind,
Horror with execration join'd,
A miſcreant ſhould be found ſo baſe,
So cruel in the human race.

When the judge roſe with awful breath
T' award the criminal to death,
"O barbarous, barbarous man!" he cry'd,
"Burſt into tears; and deeply ſigh'd,
"To ſhed a worthy Brother's blood,
"To you ſo merciful and good!"

"Not barbarous at all, my Lord,
"Th' audacious wretch—I ſcorn the word!

* At *Cambridge*.

† *About thirteen years of age, if I rightly remember.*

"For I know nothing of the fact,
"Charge not on me another's act." †

THE time between the ſentence paſt
And that in which he breath'd his laſt,
Stupid, prophane, and impudent
Without the leaſt remorſe he ſpent.
At length arrived the awful day,
When he his forfeit life ſhould pay:
Him and two malefactors more §
The cart to execution bore;
When to the fatal ſpot they came,
He inſolently made a claim
To take the *gallows'* upper hand,
And in the line ſuperior ſtand;
Thus guilty, ſenſeleſs, hard'ned he
Was launch'd into eternity,
T' appear before the LORD of all,
And hear his doom beyond recal;
A doom from mortals though conceal'd,
T' aſſembled worlds to be reveal'd,
When bowing from th' eternal ſkies

† *The words of the judge, according to my intelligence, were "barbarous* Jonathan Stevens, *to kill ſo good a brother." The anſwer of the murderer was "not at all barbarous, my Lord, "I know nothing of the fact."*

§ *Two coiners, a maſter and his ſervant, the laſt was raprieved under the gallows.*

The judge ſhall hold the laſt aſſize,
And Heav'n and Hell ſhall take their own
To bliſs ſupreme, or pains unknown.

When the poor wretch had hung his hour,
The hangman to the ſurgeons pow'r
Yielded the corpſe, who firſt explored
Th' interior frame with wonders ſtored;
Then ſtripp'd the fleſh from ev'ry bone,
And left a naked ſkeleton;
Which to this hour is often ſhown,
The antient owners name unknown.*

* *My information is, that the body was delivered to the ſurgeons, that it was anatomized, and found in a remarkable ſtate of internal ſoundneſs. That it is to this day ſhown I own is rather probable conjecture, than abſolute certainty. A very tall Skeleton, if I miſtake not, is preſerved in* Trinity College, Cambridge, *which I was told, when I ſaw it a few years ſince, was the ſkeleton of the infamous* Jonathan Wylde. *But as* Jonathan Wylde *was executed at* Tyburn, *and did not die for Murder, ſo that his body ſhould be given as a puniſhment beyond death to the ſurgeons, and was beſide, if I am rightly informed, a ſmall made man, might not the ſkeleton rather be that of* Jonathan Stevens, *the name of* Stevens *being forgotten in a courſe of time, and the more memorable name of* Wylde *taking place in its room?*

Thus lived, thus dy'd this godleſs man,
Cut off in life's half meaſur'd ſpan.

Let all this narrative attend,
Though ſtrange, yet true † from end to end.
However for a time conceal'd
Your crimes at length ſhall be reveal'd.
Where murder lies a ſtraw ſhall ſhow ;
From a dead ſtalk that vengeance grow,
That on th' aſſaſſin's impious head
Shall death in all its terrors ſhed.

† *I can have no doubt but the narrative is eſſentially true.*

To Miss A.——————S.——————
entered into her Fifteenth Year,

An EPISTLE. ‡

DEAR *Anna*, I have long deſign'd
From the warm friendſhip of my mind
In proſe a letter to indite
To guide your ſoul and ſteps aright,
But I'll attempt a note ſublime,
And give my beſt advice in rhyme.

Religion, peace, and happineſs,
All that can dignify and bleſs
With God begin: to know, to fear,
To love, to glorify him here,
And to enjoy his bliſsful ſight
In regions of ſupreme delight,
Is man's chief end: alone in this
Centre his duty and his bliſs.

However young in life you be,
But late emerg'd from infancy,

‡ *It is true that this epiſtle is not taken from Scripture, and that it relates no remarkable occurrence, but perhaps the directions contained in it may be both inſtructive and entertaining, and ſo far fall in with the deſign of our miſcellany.*

The monitor within your breaſt
Will to your ſtartled ſoul atteſt,
That you againſt the God of Heav'n,
From time to time offence have giv'n,
Either by leaving unfulfill'd
What he in holy love has will'd;
Or by preſuming to break thro'
Th' incloſures which this wiſdom drew:
Then think upon the fruits of ſin,
How but one vitious thought within
Deſerves your Maker's awful frown,
And calls his righteous vengeance down;
And who can turn his wrath aſide,
Or his eternal curſe abide?
Yet to prevent you from deſpair
Reflect how great his mercies are;
How thro' his dear incarnate ſon
What he has ſuffer'd, what has done,
He will our treſpaſſes forgive,
And bid repentant ſinners live:
Then to the great IMMANUEL fly,
And on his righteouſneſs rely,
Our only refuge and defence
Againſt provok'd omnipotence.

WHEN you ſurvey yourſelf awhole,
And dive into your inmoſt ſoul
Such ſtrange diſorders you may find,
Such contrarieties of mind,
Such feeble marks of heav'nly birth,
Such ſtrong propenſities to earth,

That, with temptations from abroad
T' entice you from the narrow road,
May ſoon convince you that t' obey
Your GOD, and keep the narrow way
Does all your higheſt pow'rs exceed,
And grace and ſtrength celeſtial need;
Then let your fervent prayers aſcend
That Heav'n may be your conſtant friend;
Direct your wand'ring ſteps aright,
And aid your weakneſs with its might.

'TIS true, religion lights its flame
In Heav'n, and mounts to whence it came;
Yet, while a chriſtian ſojourns here,
Its luſtres in his life appear:
To all mankind he gives their due;
In all he does is juſt and true;
What Heav'n exuberant beſtows
Exuberant to others flows,
Delighted to diffuſe abroad
The free donations of his GOD.
Be all theſe virtues, lovely Fair,
Your conſtant ſtudy, conſtant care,
And let the world around you ſee
Th, effects of inward piety;
Let all that's worthy, all that's good
By you be practiſed, and purſu'd;
Be an epiſtle of your LORD,
A living image of his word,
And let the bright impreſs be ſeen

Without one ſhade or blot between.

RELATIVE duties claim your care:
Much real godlineſs lies there.
Your parents honour, love, and ſerve,
And never from their pleaſure ſwerve,
Unleſs upon a cloſe review
The moniter within ſhould ſhew
They wiſh you what is wrong to do,
And then with humble modeſty
Acquaint them why you can't comply.

YOUR brothers, ſiſters, all your kin
By ev'ry gentle method win
To love reciprocal, and try
To bind them all in amity;
Sweet grace that, while it pleaſure gives,
Pleaſure in rich return receives.

Should you with ſome good-natur'd youth,
Adorn'd with wiſdom, genius, truth,
For ſuch alone I wiſh your mate,
Enter into the nuptial ſtate.
Your mother's pattern keep in view,
And let her virtues bloom in you;
Study t' attach your partner's love,
And by a dutious carriage prove
That he, to whom you gave your hand,
When *Hymen* ty'd his flowry band,
Has fix'd your honour and eſteem,

And reigns o'er creature-love ſupreme.

THE counſels which my lines impart,
Theſe warm effuſions of my heart,
Accept in kindneſs, my young friend,
For all I wiſh, all I intend
Is center'd, is compriz'd in this
Your preſent, and your final bliſs.
Smooth, pleaſant may your voyage be
Thro' time's or broad, or narrow ſea
To ſhores of bleſt eternity!
But ſhould your courſe with ſtorms be vext
Paſſing thro' this life to the next,
May holy calms poſſeſs your breaſt,
Within at anchor and at reſt!
The roaring wave, the raging blaſt
Will make our Heav'n more ſweet at laſt.

A Morning EJACULATION. †

THE Sun, that ſunk below the ſight
Had left our hemiſphere to night;
Now from his nether tour returns,
With ruddy rays th' horizon burns,
That brighter and ſtill brighter ſpread,
Till darkneſs' laſt remains are fled,
And in full majeſty ſerene
The monarch of the day is ſeen:
Clouds, miſts, and dews before him fly
As he thro' nature darts his eye,
Or to imbibe his luſtres ſtay,
And give him back his orient ray:
O thou, my God, ſo long withdrawn,
Grant to my ſoul a brighter dawn,
Th' unclouded viſion of thy love,
Such as thy ſaints enjoy above!
O give me while I dwell in clay,
To andetate celeſtial day!
Father of ſpirits, ſhould thy child
From thee be ſever'd, be exiled,
In vain I ſearch the creatures round,

† *Perhaps if young perſons were to commit this and the next Ejaculation to memory they might find them uſeful and entertaining, and the frequent recollection of them might profitably employ their moments of leiſure, eſpecially in the morning and evening.*

In them no vital joys are found :
How dim the light their ſparks convey !
How faint at beſt their warmeſt ray !
Stars twice ten thouſand might as ſoon
Rival the ſolar beams at noon,
As beings, worlds, or low or high
The abſence of my God ſupply ;
Then ſhine, and let thy ſov'reign light
Chaſe from my ſoul theſe ſhades of night ;
Thyſelf in all thy love reveal,
And let my heart thy preſence feel !

THUS, while viciſſitudes abound,
And reign thro' all theſe regions round,
While the gay ſun now gives the day,
And now the night reſumes her ſway,
While nature now all tranquil lies,
And now the tempeſt rends the ſkies,
While wealth, and want, and peace and ſtrife,
And joys, and ſorrows chequer life,
My ſoul ſhall ſmile in holy reſt,
In thy ſerene effulgence bleſt.
When to the vale of death I go,
And bid farewel to all below,
Meet me, O GOD, O meet me there,
There let me find a ſhepherd's care :
There let thy rod my path direct ;
Thy ſtaff ſupport, thy ſtaff protect :
Then lead me up the radiant way
To hills of everlaſting day !
There in thy beatific ſight

To dwell in infinite delight
With the bright millions of the ſkies
In regions, where no ſtorms ſhall riſe,
No ſins pollute, no pains annoy,
But all is one eternal joy.

AN EVENING EJACULATION. *

LORD, while the darkneſs reigns abroad,
Shine thou on me a preſent GOD;
Still, ſtill be with me, for thy ray,
And not the Sun, creates my day.
O thou, whoſe nature cannot ſleep,
Thy centry at my pillow keep
And guard me from the numerous foes,
That wait to trouble my repoſe.
If dreams ſhould mingle with my reſt
Let them be ſuch as *Jacob* bleſt,

* *The model, and ſeveral thoughts taken from ſome verſes in* Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici.

Such as may my beſt good advance
And make my ſleep an heav'nly trance,
That, when its ſilken bonds I break,
In holy tranſports I may wake.
Sleep is a death ; then let me try
By ſleeping what it is, to die,
That I as pleas'd may lay my head
On the grave's couch as on my bed.
This is a drowſy ſtate, where night
Holds a divided reign with light:
I ſleep, I riſe, and ſleep again,
Amused, beguiled with viſions vain.
O come that hour, that morning break,
When I from death to life ſhall wake,
When, freed from this immuring cell,
And bidding this dark world farewel,
I to the heav'ns ſhall wing my way,
And from the heights of endleſs day
Look down on this terreſtrial ball,
At home with god, my life, my all !

END OF GIBBONS's POEMS.

A Father's Advice to his Son.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan.

A swain, towards full-aged manhood wending,
Sat sorrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy attending,
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue :

" My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
" My dearest Innocent, attend,
" Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure :
" A Father's loveliest name is Friend.

" Some truths from long experience flowing,
" Worth more than royal grants, receive ;
" For truths are wealths of Heav'n's bestowing,
" Which kings have seldom power to give.

" Since, from an ancient race descended,
" You boast an unattainted blood,
" By yours be their fair fame attended,
" And claim by birth-right—TO BE GOOD.

" In love for every fellow-creature,
" Superior rise above the crowd ;
" What most ennobles human nature
" Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

" Be thine the generous heart that borrows
" From others joys a friendly glow,
" And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows
" Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

" This is the temper most endearing,
" Tho' wide proud pomp her banner spreads,
" And heavenlier power good-nature bearing,
" Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

" Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain
" The peace-destroying streams that flow,
" Nor from ambition's dangerous mountain
" Look down upon the world below.

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
" Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
" By winds, long braved, at last assaulted,
" Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie :

" While the mild rose, more safely growing,
" Low in its unaspiring vale,
" Amid retirement's shelter blowing,
" Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

" Wish not for beauty's darling features,
" Moulded by Nature's partial pow'r,
" For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
" Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I saw, the pride of all the meadow,
" At noon, a gay narcissus blow

" Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
" Bloom'd in the silver waves below ;

" By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,
" The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd ;
" At eve, its glories all were blasted,
" And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
" Lead you from Wisdom's path astray ;
" What genius lives renown'd in story,
" To happiness who found the way ?

" In yonder mead behold that vapour,
" Whose vivid beams illusive play,
" Far off it seems a friendly taper,
" To guide the trav'ller on his way ;

" But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
" Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
" He'd find, too late, his rashness rueing,
" That fatal quicksands lurk below :

" In life such bubbles nought admiring,
" Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,
" Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
" To peace in Virtue's cot repair.

" There seek the never-wasted treasure
" Which mutual love and friendship give,
" Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
" And blest and blessing you will live.

" If Heav'n with children crown your dwelling,
" As mine its bounty does with you,
" In fondness fatherly excelling,
" Th' example you have felt pursue.

He paus'd—for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts, language never could impart.

Now night, her mournful mantle spreading,
Had robed in black th' horizon round,
And dank dews, from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bathed the ground;

When back to city follies flying,
'Midst custom's slaves he lived resign'd,
His face, array'd in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind.

For seriously around surveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human stage;

Peaceful himself and undesigning,
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,
And felt each secret wish inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated
Obediently he bow'd his soul,
For, what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only should control.

FINIS.

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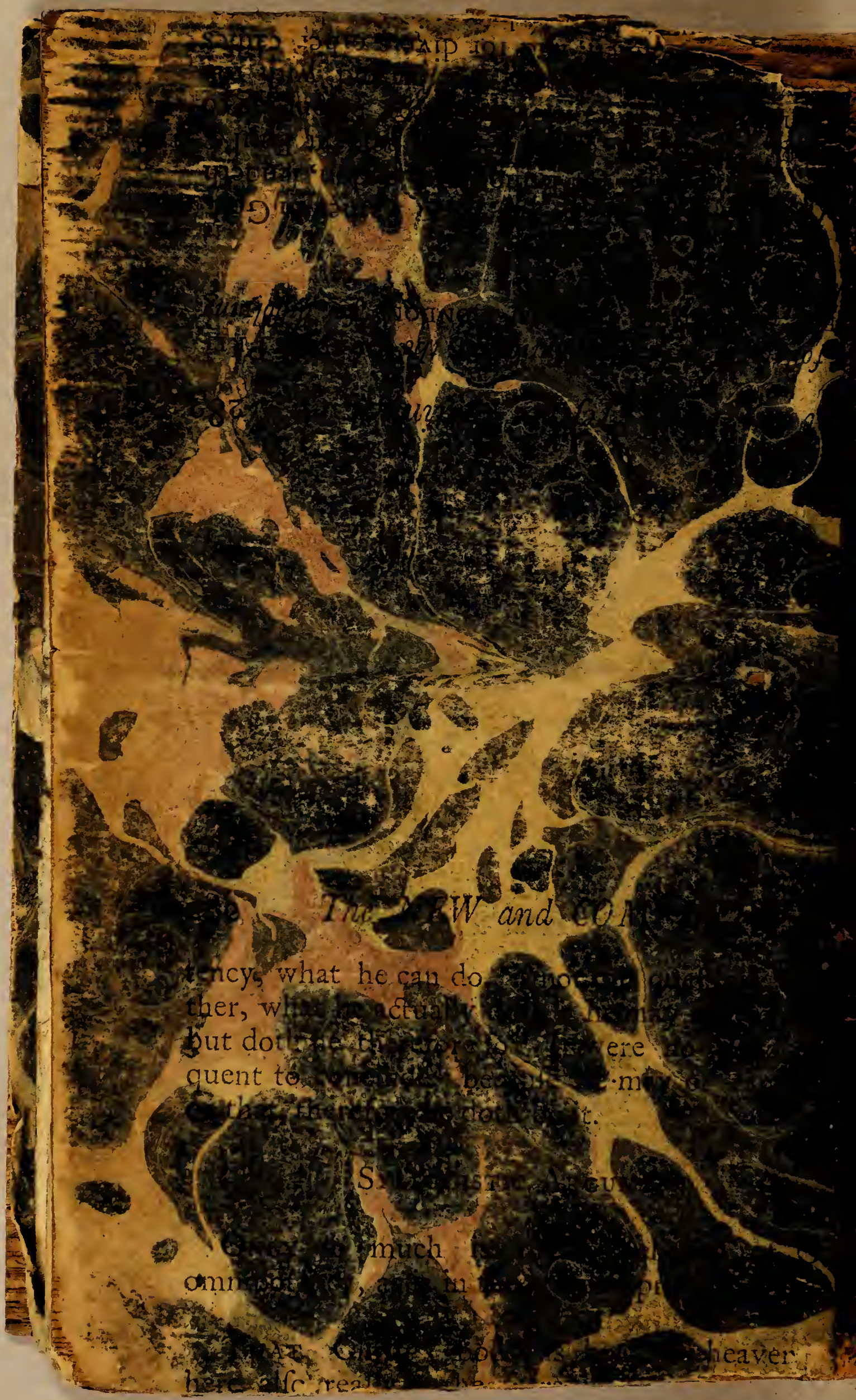
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